

The Sketch.

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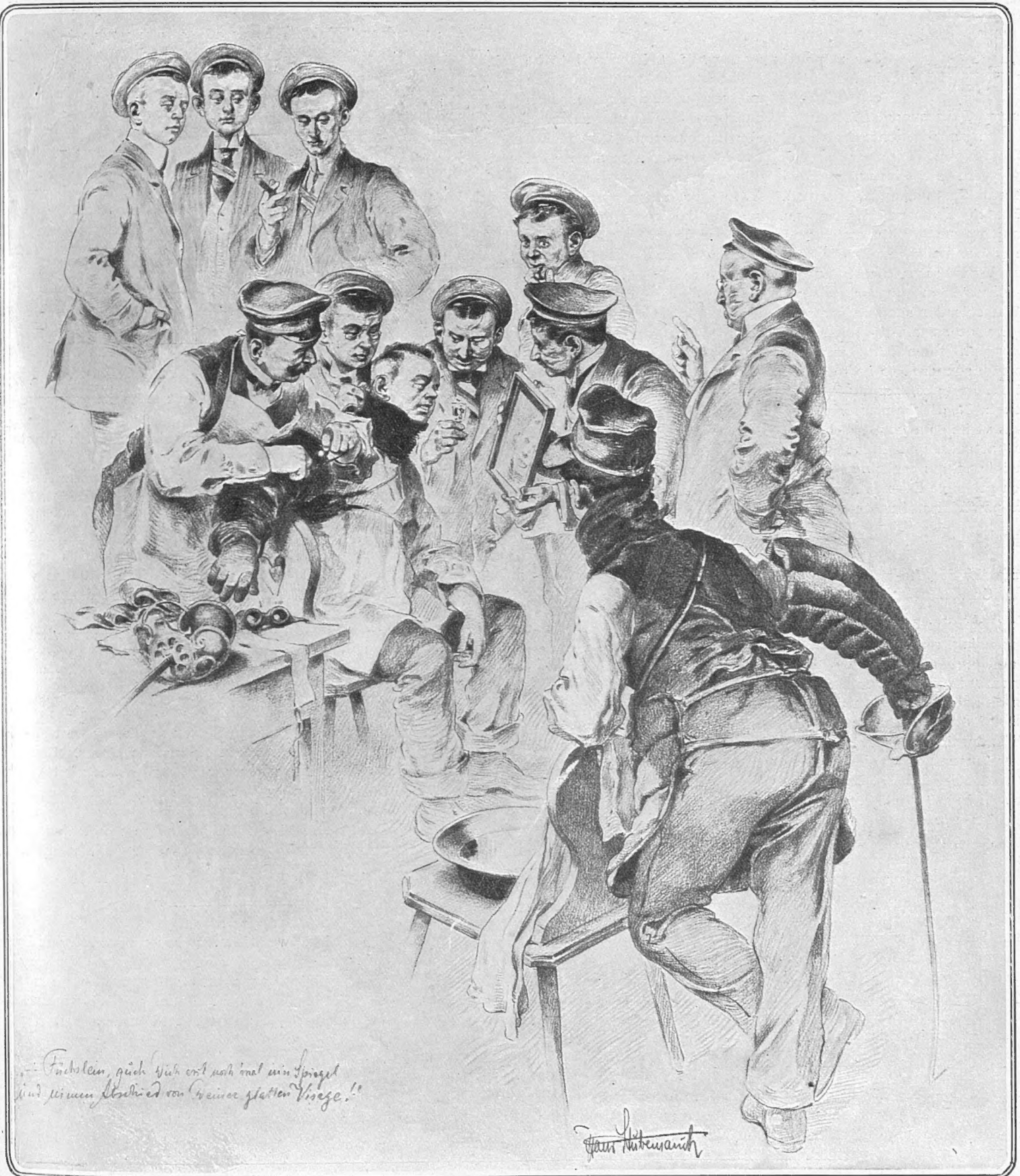
Hair Wavers.

The Sketch

No. 995.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1912.

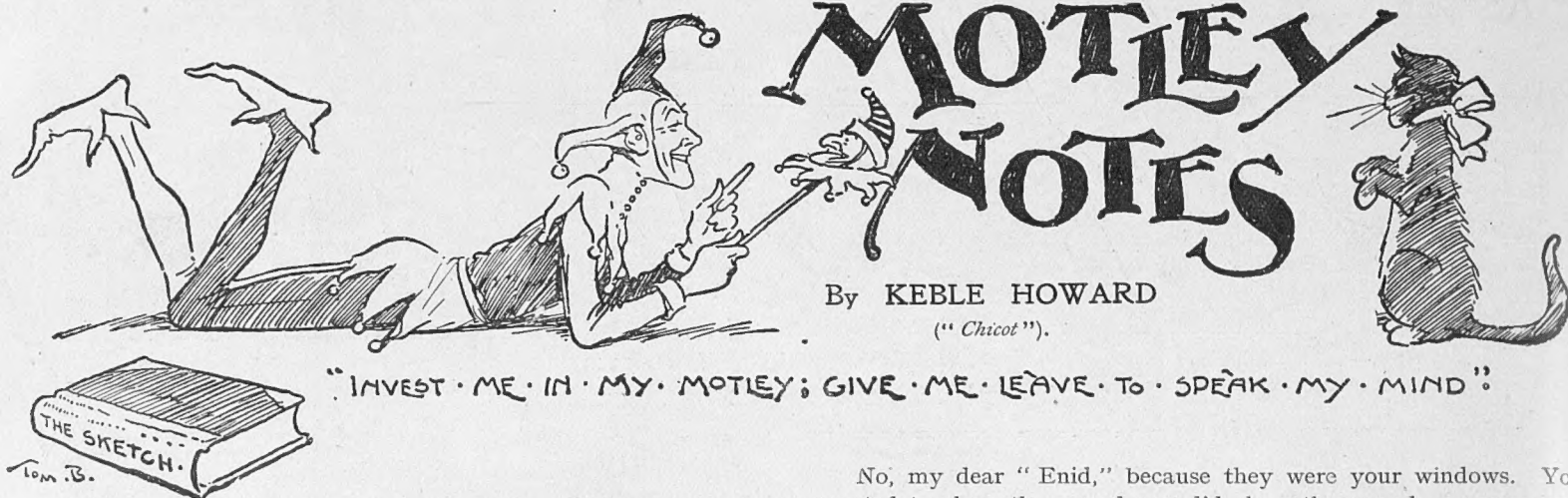
SIXPENCE.



READY TO RECEIVE THOSE WOUNDS WHOSE SCARS WILL BE TO HIM AS A "BLUE" IS TO THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MAN: A GERMAN STUDENT LOOKING AT HIS UNCUT FACE BEFORE A DUEL.

The duels fought by German students are no longer legal, but are a continuation of very ancient custom, and so are winked at. It has been estimated that no fewer than 20,000 bouts take place yearly. The scars of wounds inflicted in such duels are recognised as signs of pluck and skill, and at least the equal of an English 'Varsity blue. In some cases, at all events, means are taken to ensure that prominent scars shall result from the cuts.

DRAWN BY HANS STUBENRAUCH.



The Inventive Curate.

Some months ago, when I happened to be in Nottingham, that astonishing combination of old-world picturesqueness and modern industry, I discovered that the first knitting-machine was invented by a curate who once lived in the neighbourhood. I remarked in these Notes, it seems, that I did not know why a curate's mind should turn to the invention of a stocking-frame.

Hear the unexpected sequel. A few mornings since, there reached me by post a calendar issued by a well-known firm of hosiery-manufacturers. With the calendar came a letter, reminding me of my comments, and telling me, with the compliments of the Managing Director, that I had only to examine the calendar to find the answer to my query.

The calendar shows a somewhat elderly gentleman sitting, very happily, at an old-style hand-knitting machine, and beneath the photograph these lines are printed: "The old Hand-Knitting Machine, supposed to be the oldest machine in existence applicable to textile fabrics, was invented in 1589 by William Lee, of Woodborough, Nottinghamshire, this labour-saving idea being prompted by his visits to a young girl of whom he was enamoured, who paid more attention to her knitting than to his conversation. The principle of the machine is quite the same as knitting by hand; which principle has not been greatly departed from in the infinitely more powerful and up-to-date machines in use at the present day."

Sympathy for the Curate.

Most men, in the depths of their hearts, will sympathise with the curate. We laud the industrious housewife to the skies; we appreciate the fruits of her industry; but we are really happier when she is idling, and has leisure to listen to our illuminating ideas on life and matters. Hatred of the work-basket entered into my soul very early in life. I was glad enough, I expect, to have my buttons sewn on and my socks darned, but the sight of this work in progress filled me with despair.

The curate was perfectly right. You cannot make love to a girl who is knitting away as fast as the needles will go. After his most impassioned speeches, I expect, there would be a long silence. Then he would say, "Well, Charlotte, and have you no answer for me?" And Charlotte would reply, "To tell you the truth, William, I dropped a stitch when you were in the best part, and had to pick it up again. Would you mind repeating your statement?" But William was too proud to repeat the statement. He did something much more to the point than that. He went away, set his brains to work, and invented a machine that rendered knitting by hand a foolishness and a waste of time. 'Twas love that made the looms go round. I hope he had his reward, but I am very doubtful. I expect I shall hear that Charlotte laughed his machine to scorn, and went on knitting, to the exclusion of all else, by hand. I hope the Charlottes of the present day will bless the memory of William Lee of Woodborough. Or was he Cupid in disguise?

When Labour is "Menial."

Those of my readers who are able to procure the *Referee* on Sunday mornings will know the clever column written by "Enid," and devoted to matters of particular interest to women. In a copy of the *Referee* before me, "Enid" has a vigorous dash at the servant problem. She complains that "lady domestics" will not undertake tasks that they consider "menial," and goes on to state that she herself cleaned some windows better than any window-man or maid-servant has ever done it. "Am I," she demands, "a Menial?"

No, my dear "Enid," because they were your windows. You wanted to clean them, and you did clean them, and you were probably very proud of them when they were cleaned. There is nothing "menial" about that. Without bothering at all with the dictionary, I should define a "menial" task as a household duty undertaken solely in consideration of payment.

"Oh, well," you may reply, "in that case any work that a household servant is called upon to do is 'menial'!"

Not at all. When a servant enters a house, she becomes, for the time being, part of that family. She is sheltered by the same roof, she eats the same food, she breathes the same air. Your windows are her windows just as your interests are her interests. At the same time, her interests are your interests. If all mistresses and all servants would look at the matter in this light, we should hear little more of the servant problem.

"No Excuses Permitted."

I have been reading a description of a special leap-year dance that is to be given in Bayswater on Feb. 29.

"There is to be one special leap-day dance, which is not to be on the programme, but is to take place immediately before the supper interval. For this engagements are not permitted to be made in advance. All the men are to be assembled before the beginning of this dance, and when the hostess gives the signal the young ladies are to march into the room in procession and choose each one her partner. There is to be no shirking this dance, and no excuses are to be permitted. Each man is to dance with the lady who first asks him, and the partners in the dance are to be partners at supper."

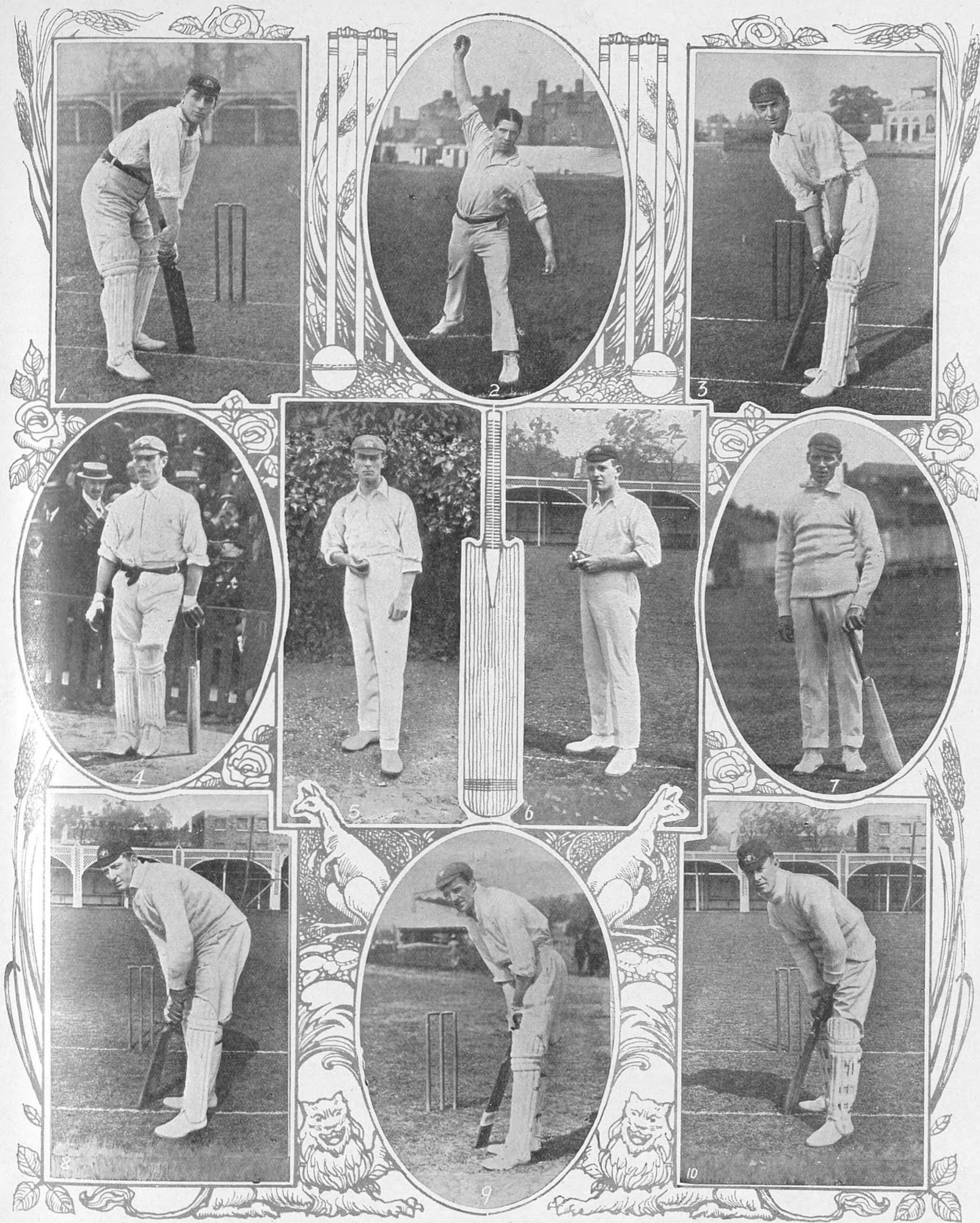
I call upon the young men who have accepted invitations to this dance to insist upon the dance being placed upon the programme in the usual way. I beg of them to see through the trick whilst there is yet time. Every girl cheats over her dance-programme. She is up to all sorts of dodges with false initials, and the rest of it. In point of fact, she sees through herself so clearly that she is not taking any chances of the men being just as clever. She throws chivalry overboard. I have never yet heard a Suffragette promise that women, if they are placed on a level footing with men, will be chivalrous to men. If I were asked to that dance at Bayswater—as I shall not be—I should certainly arrange my leap-day dance beforehand, and I should arrange it well. Bless my soul, it includes supper! Of all the transparent plots!

The Natural Philanthropist.

Mr. Owen Seaman has complained, at Prince's Restaurant—a very jolly place for any complaint—that "the layman who gives life or leisure to the cause of his fellows is sometimes called prig and sometimes hero, but nobody begins to think of him as just a natural human being."

I think I can explain the mental attitude of the ordinary non-heroic person on this point. He distrusts the specialising amateur philanthropist just as much as he distrusts the professional philanthropist. He wants to know how it is that a man whose heart is overflowing with love for his fellow-man can isolate his philanthropy. He does not care for the person who distributes coppers to paupers on the Embankment with one hand, whilst with the other hand he is pushing a fellow-creature into the river. Mr. Seaman, of course, spoke impersonally, and I need hardly say that I am writing impersonally. The kindly Editor of *Punch* would never push anybody into the river. But there are other philanthropists who might—if they got a fair chance on a murky night.

"ASHES" MEN: ATTACKERS AND DEFENDERS OF THE "REMAINS."



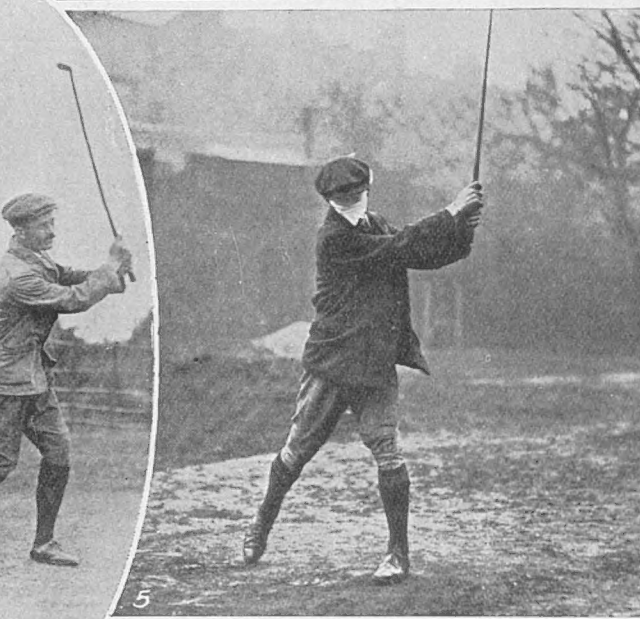
1. MR. C. HILL (AUSTRALIA) SCORED 98 IN SECOND INNINGS IN THIRD TEST MATCH.
2. MR. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS (ENGLAND) TOOK 5 WICKETS FOR 46 IN SECOND INNINGS IN FOURTH TEST MATCH.
3. HOBBS (ENGLAND) SCORED 126 NOT OUT IN SECOND INNINGS OF SECOND TEST MATCH, 187 IN FIRST INNINGS IN THIRD TEST MATCH, AND 178 IN FOURTH TEST MATCH.

4. RHODES (ENGLAND) SCORED 59 AND 57 NOT OUT IN THIRD TEST MATCH, AND 179 IN FOURTH TEST MATCH.
5. HEARN (J. W.) (ENGLAND) SCORED 114 IN SECOND TEST MATCH.
6. MR. A. COTTER (AUSTRALIA) TOOK 4 WICKETS FOR 73 IN FIRST INNINGS OF SECOND TEST MATCH.
7. BARNES (ENGLAND) TOOK 5 WICKETS FOR 44 IN FIRST INNINGS IN SECOND TEST MATCH, AND TOOK 5 FOR 74 IN FIRST INNINGS OF FOURTH TEST MATCH.

8. MR. W. W. ARMSTRONG (AUSTRALIA) SCORED 90 IN SECOND INNINGS IN SECOND TEST MATCH.
9. MR. F. R. FOSTER (ENGLAND) TOOK 5 WICKETS FOR 92 IN SECOND INNINGS IN FIRST TEST MATCH, 6 FOR 91 IN SECOND INNINGS OF SECOND, 5 FOR 36 IN FIRST INNINGS OF THIRD, 4 FOR 77 IN FIRST INNINGS OF FOURTH, AND 3 FOR 38 IN SECOND INNINGS OF FOURTH.
10. MR. V. TRUMPER (AUSTRALIA) SCORED 113 IN FIRST INNINGS IN FIRST TEST MATCH.

Now that England has succeeded in regaining the "Ashes," it is interesting to give these portraits of some of those who have done exceptionally good work for the attackers and for the defenders. Meantime, it may be well to bring back to the memory the origin of the expression "the Ashes." This dates from 1882, and was created by the "Sporting Times," which, after a sensational defeat of England at the Oval, published the following notice: "In affectionate remembrance of English cricket, which died at the Oval on August 29, 1882. Deeply lamented by large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P. The body will be cremated and the Ashes taken to Australia." With further reference to the Test Matches, it should be noted that Hobbs and Rhodes put up a record partnership for a Test Match of 323.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

TOOGOOD TO BE TRUE? BLINDFOLD GOLF.



1. TOOGOOD, HAVING TAKEN HIS STANCE FOR THE DRIVE, IS BLINDFOLDED.

2. TOOGOOD, HAVING BEEN BLINDFOLDED, ADDRESSES THE BALL FOR A DRIVE.

3. THE BLINDFOLD DRIVE: THE TOP OF THE STROKE.

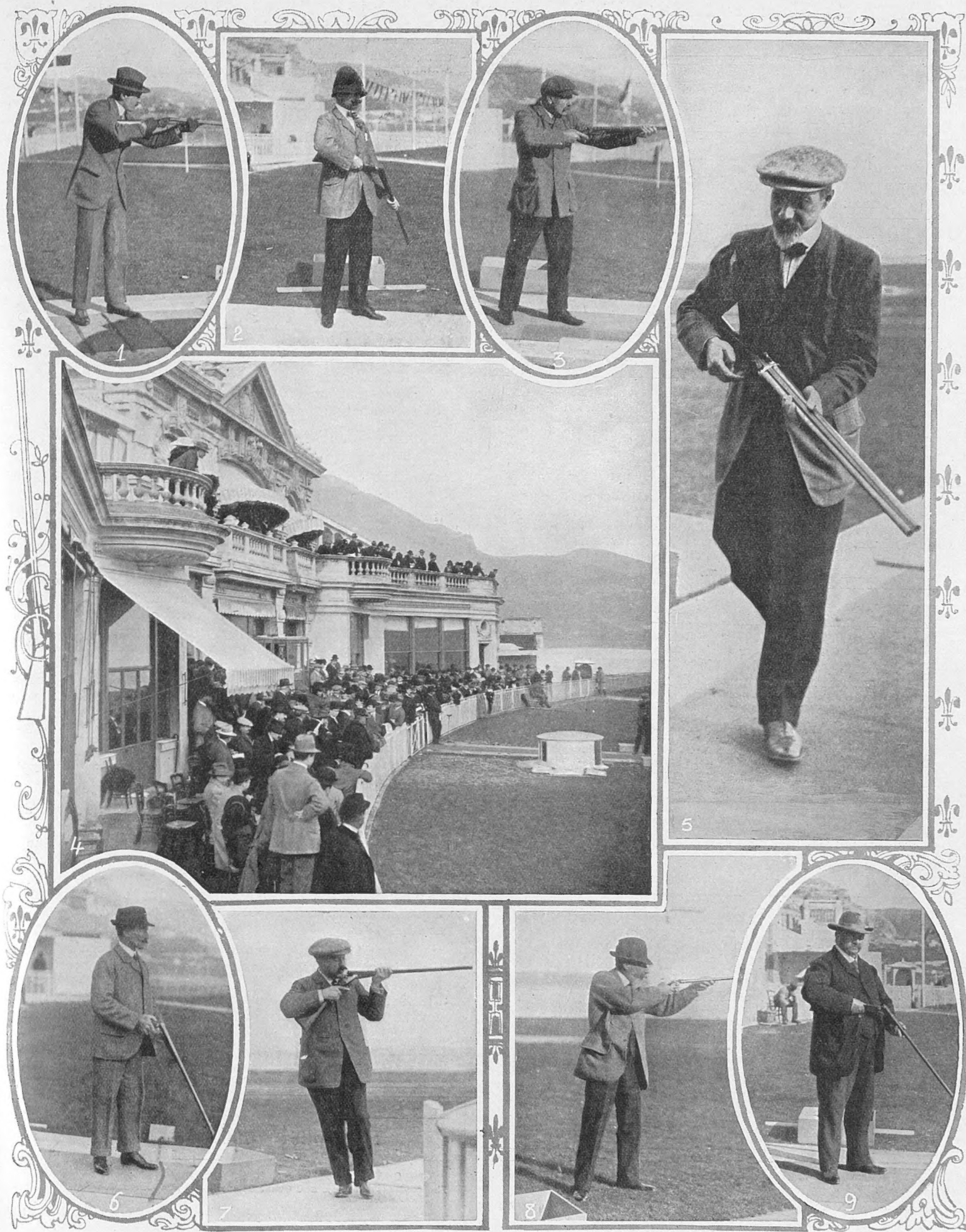
4. AN EXPONENT OF THE THEORY THAT THERE IS NO NEED TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL WHEN PLAYING GOLF: A. H. TOOGOOD, WHO ARRANGED TO PLAY MR. TINDAL-ATKINSON AT SUNNINGDALE ON TUESDAY, THE 20TH, AND TO BE BLINDFOLDED BEFORE PLAYING EACH STROKE.

5. THE BLINDFOLD DRIVE: THE FINISH OF THE STROKE.

6. AND 7. BLINDFOLD ON THE GREEN: TOOGOOD PUTTING.

The other day Mr. Guy Livingstone, the Secretary of the Chelsea Golf School, threw a bomb into the golfers' camp by asserting that there is no need to keep your eye on the ball when playing a stroke, thus seeking to demolish the first rule of golf. The controversy which followed ended with the proposition that a match should be played on Tuesday, A. H. Toogood being blindfolded before playing each stroke, his opponent keeping his eye on the ball in the usual manner. Mr. Livingstone argues that the familiar command is merely a means to an end, the desire being to keep the head still. J. H. Taylor has said of Mr. Livingstone's idea: "I know it to be wrong, and say so with all candour and hearty emphasis."—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS: PIGEON-SHOTS AT MONTE CARLO.



1. COUNT LAREINTY THOLOZAN.

2. COUNT DE GRAMMEDE.

3. MR. H. J. ROBERTS.

4. THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING MEETING AT MONTE CARLO: THE CONTEST FOR THE GRAND PRIX DU CASINO IN PROGRESS.

5. THE WINNER: M. DES CHAUX, OF FRANCE.

6. MR. RIPLING KER.

7. MR. ELIJAH MOORE.

8. M. HENRI JOURNU.

9. MR. WALTER BLAKE.

The Grand Prix du Casino, the chief event of the International Pigeon-Shooting Meeting at Monte Carlo, was won the other day by M. des Chaux, of France. The winner received £1000 and a work of art, the second 30 per cent. of the entries. Twelve birds had to be "tackled" by each competitor, three at 26½ mètres, nine at 27 mètres. Mr. Moore, winner in 1911, was penalised one metre. M. des Chaux hit all his birds; thus a Frenchman was successful for the first time for eleven years. The winner has shot on many occasions at Monte Carlo, and has won numerous prizes and pools, but never so big a contest. Count Tholozan, of France, has youth on his side, and is one of the best of the French contingent. It will be noted that he wears gloves while engaged in the sport. Count de Grammede has shot since his earliest days, and can be brilliant at times. Mr. Roberts, who won the Grand Prix in 1883, is world-famous as a pigeon-shot. Mr. Ker looked like being the winner at one time: he was one of the last to miss. Mr. Moore, last year's winner, failed at his ninth bird. M. Journu, an old hand, still shows excellent form. Mr. Blake, once one of the finest of shots, is not, perhaps, quite as good as he was in earlier days, but is decidedly formidable. [Photographs by Navello and F. Enrietti.]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE Easiest Way," by Mr. Eugene Walter, now given at the
Globe, is rather strong meat for young men and maidens,
but clever enough to interest playgoers; whilst the
amazing American slang dialogue is quite amusing, if sometimes
a little hard to follow, for the characters hardly ever talk without
using violent figures of speech, many of them taken from the termi-
nology of different forms of gambling. Moreover, the piece
introduces a new American actress, Miss Laura Nelson Hall, of
considerable charm and talent, who represents a successful cynical
lady of the other world very cleverly. The work itself rather
suggests Pinero's "Iris" treated à la Bernstein; and though Mr.
Walter has not the finesse of the one or brutal strength of the
other, he works up to several really strong scenes his tale of a
fallen woman who makes an unsuccessful effort to turn virtuous
in order to marry a young American reporter, and he exhibits
much dexterity. The piece is essentially a star play, and Miss
Sarah Brooke, though she laboured very bravely and sometimes
with much skill, was somewhat overweighted. Miss Rand and
Messrs. Guy Standing, G. Tearle, and O. B. Clarence acted very
well, and the audience was enthusiastic over the interesting sen-
sational drama.

Many of the experimental matinées of the season have shown
works of some freshness in idea, and it was rather trying to find
that the play called "Where is William?" by "A. J. Nib," was
based on mistakes of identity due to physical resemblance—one of
the oldest and most utterly worn-out ideas for farce. It would
need a dramatist of real originality to produce a piece worth seeing
founded on the proposition that a man and his butler could only be
distinguished from one another by their clothes; and despite the
energy of Mr. Charles Windermere and his comrades, it may be
taken that the question "Where is William?" can now be answered
by saying "Far, far away."

The new revue at the Empire, called "Everybody's Doing It,"
will be quite entertaining by the time this is published. At the
present it is far too long, and suffers severely from lack of wit;
but when cut and gagged, it will go merrily. There is no definite
scheme discernible, but fun is made of all sorts of things and
persons, from strikes to Suffragettes, from "G. B. S." to Mr. Brook-
field, and "Bella Donna" is burlesqued rather funnily; some
of the Olla Podrida was funny and some silly, but the latter can
easily be dropped. A capital company works at the revue with
immense energy; the ladies, Mmes. Unity More, Ida Crispi, and
Ivy St. Helier, are clever and charming, whilst Messrs. Vernon
Watson, R. Hale, and Frank Calvert are very amusing at times.

Crowded houses welcomed the excellent revival last week, at the
Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, of that popular play, "Nobody's
Daughter," by George Paston, which had such a long and successful
run when it was put on at Wyndham's. The play is one of the
most human and appealing of recent times, and it was admirably
acted by Mr. Henry Woiston and his company. Mr. Woiston him-
self took the part of Mr. Frampton, while that of the heroine,
Honora May, was played by Miss Mary Clare. Among other
members of the cast who contributed to the success of the piece may
be mentioned Miss Molly Tremaine as Mrs. Frampton, Mr. Lancelot
Lowther as her old lover, Colonel Torrens, and Miss Julia Coleman
as Mrs. Torrens.

Now that the Parliamentary machine has been set going again,
there is frequent need for such a book of reference as "Debrett's
House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), of
which the forty-sixth annual edition, for 1912, recently appeared. It
will be especially useful during the present session, in view of the
proposed reform of the franchise, since it gives full information as
to the Parliamentary population of each constituency, together with
polling statistics at recent elections. Biographical information is
given about Members of Parliament, Peers and Peeresses, Judges,
Magistrates, and Records.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Endless Journey, and Other Stories. Netta Syrett. 6s.

LONG.
A Transplanted American. Elise Lathrop. 6s.
Anna Strelitz. Low Lathen. 6s.

MURRAY.
Scented Isles and Coral Gardens. C. D. Mackellar. 15s. net.
Views and Vagabonds. R. Macaulay. 6s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Thirteen. E. Temple Thurston. 6s.

ST. CLEMENT'S PRESS.
The Key to Perfect Health. Arthur Hallam. 4s. net.

SIMPSON, MARSHALL.
A Romance of the Impossible. Paul Hook-
ham. 2s. 6d. net.

METHUEN.
Felix Christie. Peggy Webling. 6s.
S.P.C.K.

Waves and Ripples in Water Air, and
Ether. J. A. Fleming, D.Sc., F.R.S.
2s. 6d.

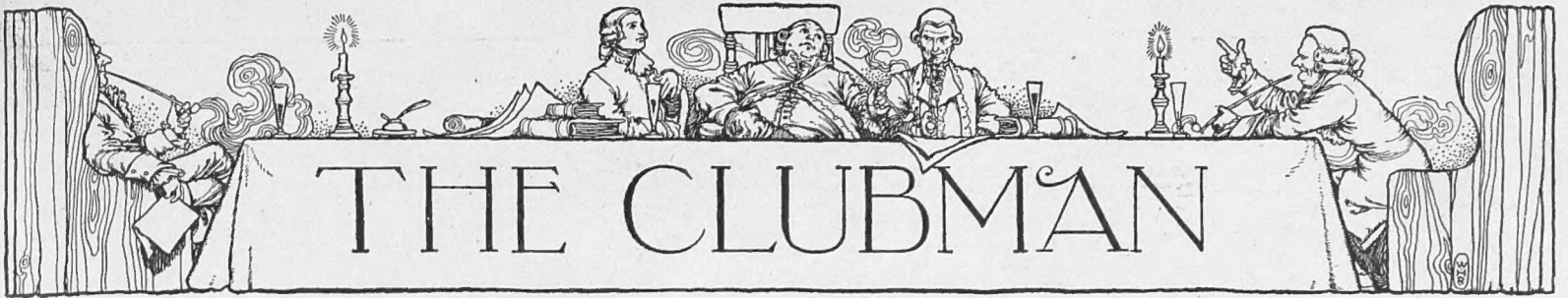
THE BODLEY HEAD.
The Indian Lily. Hermann Sudermann.
6s.

Wayward Feet. A. R. Goring-Thomas. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.
The Three Envelopes. Hamilton Drum-
mond. 6s.

An Actor's Notebooks. Frank Archer.
7s. 6d. net.

Veeni the Master. R. F. Lamport. 6s.
The History of Garrard's, 1721-1911. 5s.
David Garrick and his French Friends.
Frank A. Hedgcock. 10s. 6d. net.
The Woman Hunter. Arabella Kenealy.
6s.
Their Wedded Wife. Alice M. Diehl. 6s.



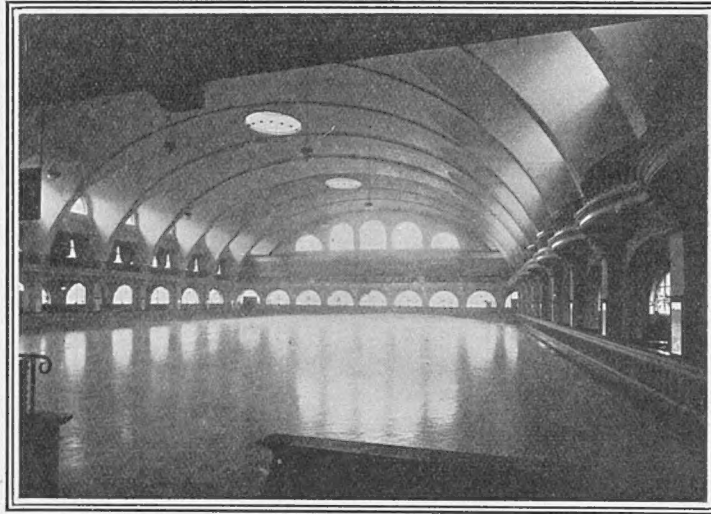
The Recreations of the King.

While King George has been absent from London on his great Indian tour a squash-racquets court has been built in one of the conservatories of Buckingham Palace. His Majesty, whose country-loving tastes are so well known and who is never so happy as when walking through a long day's shooting, has been put to it to obtain a sufficiency of exercise when he is in residence at his London palace. The King's ride in the morning will now be supplemented by a hard game of racquets whenever he has an hour to spare. Racquets is the direct descendant of that nobler game, tennis, which was the favourite exercise of the Kings of France, and for which our English Kings also had a liking, as the great tennis-court at Hampton Court can bear witness. Tennis-courts are few and far between in England, but all schools, many clubs, and quite a number of private houses now have squash-racquets courts. At the newest of all the big clubs, the Automobile Club, there are three or four of these courts, with a swimming-bath close at hand if the heated players like a plunge after their game. The King, when Prince of Wales, built for himself a small racquets-court at Marlborough House. King Edward never had a liking for any of the forms of tennis or racquets, golf and croquet being the two out-of-door games for which in his later life he showed a partiality.

The Lord Chamberlain's Department.

Earl Spencer, the Lord Chamberlain, who has delivered up to his Majesty the gold key which is the principal sign of his office, is the gentlest of all gentlemen, and it will be remembered what an excellent joke it was considered when, rising in his place in the House of Commons, he assured the Speaker, in commencing his speech, that he was not an agricultural labourer. So much of late has been heard of the Lord Chamberlain's control over the London theatres and over the plays produced there that people are apt to forget that his rule over the theatres is but a very small part of the duties of his office. He has the control over the officers of the Royal Household, he has also the care of the Royal Wardrobe, and all regulations as to Court dress are issued by him. He should be an authority on music as well as the drama, for the trumpeters and the Master of the King's Music and the State Band are all in his department, as are the King's Physicians and the King's Chaplains, the King's Painters, the Poet Laureate, and the Keepers of the Royal

Jewels and Royal Armouries, and Royal swans. As a man of most cultured taste these many duties must have been pleasant work to the retiring Lord Chamberlain, whose proclivities also run towards club life, the Marlborough and Brooks's and the Turf indicating his politics and his recreations.



SCENE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SKATING UNION CHAMPIONSHIPS.
THE ICE PALACE AT MANCHESTER.

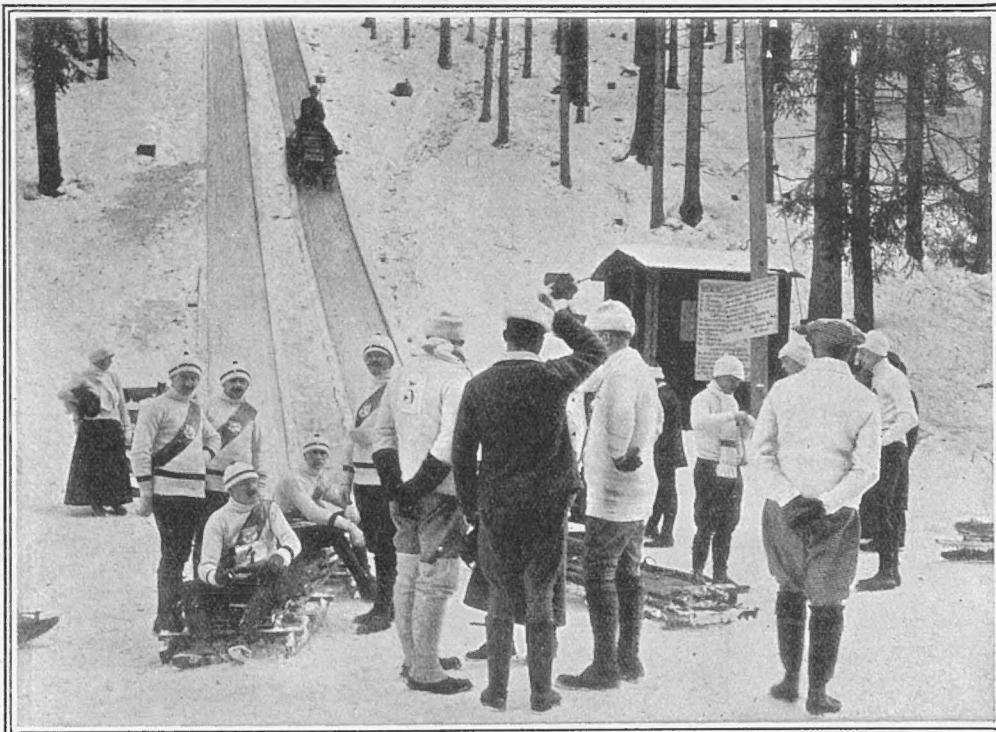
For the first time since 1902, the International Skating Union arranged that the contests for the World's Championships should take place in the Manchester Ice Palace, and the events were "skated off" last week. Manchester boasts that the Palace in question is the only rink in Great Britain large enough to meet the Skating Union's requirements.

Photograph by R. Banks.

valuable, and its sale would more than pay the expenses of the new lines. It is expected that for some years at least the Viceroy, during the time of his yearly residence at Delhi, will be under canvas. The probabilities are that, after the summer season at Simla, he will tour until mid-winter, when he will go to Calcutta for a fortnight or a month at Christmas time, and then go into camp at Delhi until the migration to the hills.

A Human Sacrifice.

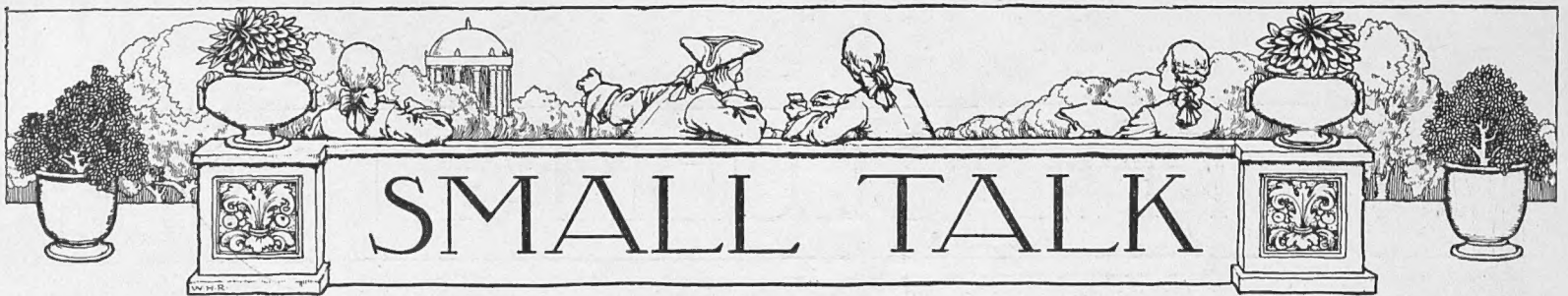
How dark the dark places of India still are is proved by the sentence of death passed at Mirzapur on a Hindu for sacrificing a girl to the dread goddess Kali. Kali is the most feared and most destructive of all the deities of the Hindu pantheon. At her temple near Mirzapur, where she is worshipped as the Dweller in the Vindhya, the blood which flows before her shrine from the sacrifices is never allowed to dry



SUGGESTING THE OLD WATER-CHUTE AT EARL'S COURT: BOBSLEIGHS TAKEN UP HILL BY ELECTRICITY.

It need hardly be said that this system is much appreciated by those bobsers who, while liking the swift descent, do not like the laborious ascent. The whole device rather suggests the water-chute at Earl's Court, where the cars are drawn up the chute by machinery.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

day or night. She is generally represented as a black woman with four arms, holding in one of her hands a scimitar, and in another the head of a giant. In some of her images she wears two dead bodies for earrings, a necklace of skulls, and a girdle of skeletons. Calcutta takes its name from her, Kali-ghat being its real title.



AFTER a whirlwind of speculation, in which the names of Lord Chesterfield, Lord Colebrooke, Lord Durham, and Lord Beauchamp were prominent, it was decided that Lord Granville was Lord Spencer's destined successor. Lord Granville read the announcement, and wondered if, in a moment of aberration, he had been trapped into accepting the post. But the official announcement followed quickly, and gave comfort: Lord Sandhurst had been nominated, and was to face, without the starched protection that passed for elegance in Lord Spencer, but was doubtless his tailor's disguise for armour, the shafts of the playwrights. Lord Sandhurst may be unreservedly welcomed to his post, but let it not be hoped that his connection with literature will save him from the envenomed quills.



MR. G. F. FAWCETT.

He married, in 1909, a daughter of Matthew Arnold. Lady Sandhurst, it is interesting to note, was, with Miss Cobden, the first woman elected to the London County Council. She was unseated on the petition of Mr. Beresford Hope.



MR. M. G. HALE.

at Roman houses so late that the Princes of the Church may have come and gone before it begins. As for England, such rules do not exist: the Duchess of Norfolk will neither demand nor expect her guests to put on collars—Roman or otherwise—when Cardinal Bourne honours her house in St. James's Square; nor did the hostesses of another generation—Lady Lothian, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Petre, and Lady Londonderry—when Manning gravely entered their drawing-rooms. The attitude of an English priest towards such questions has been illustrated in his answers to a young woman with scruples: "How much champagne may I drink at dinner-parties?" she asked. "Consult your doctor and—God bless you, my child," was all he would say. "And I have scruples about my dress—should girls wear low dresses?" "Ask your dressmaker, my child."



MR. J. W. FULLERTON.

A great deal of nonsense has been written and talked of the supposed edict of the Pope to his prelates in regard to the dress of the women they meet at parties and receptions. The law, or custom, is not new; it is as old as, and older than, the oldest Cardinal. But it is local, like the custom that makes the dancing

Rome and Robes.

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THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON.

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE
COURSING YEAR: NOMINATORS
OF DOGS FOR THE WATERLOO
CUP.

The contest begins to-day, Wednesday, 21st.
Photographs by Sport and General.

MR. J. HARTLEY BIBBY, THE DUKE OF LEEDS, AND
SIR R. W. BUCHANAN-JARDINE.

Mr. Bibby's nomination is being filled by a greyhound from Sir R. W. Buchanan-Jardine's kennel.

The Thirteenth.

her approval to the Government for postponing the opening of Parliament from the 13th to the 14th, just before the horse got its legs entangled in the traces. "As Master of the Horse, I must apologise," said Lord Granard, in helping out Lady Minto and Lady Desborough, "but I hope that this mishap is another triumph for the thirteenth." But the superstition is not so easily disposed of. Mrs. William Koch's dance—let Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Lucy note—did not take place, although the young generation of unbelievers had unhesitatingly accepted her invitations for the 13th.

Mover of the Address. Sir Harry Verney, the humorous

Mover of the Address, is not very closely associated with another Verney, compelled in another sense to move his address. Sir Harry takes his name and inherits property from the Earls of Verney, but his relationship with the family is too involved to be stated in a few words. The last Earl spent more money on his house than he could afford; his wife died in the crisis of monetary troubles, and his lordship escaped his creditors in the empty hearse which had removed her body. He returned, however, and Claydon House is now Sir Harry's.



THE EARL OF SEFTON.



MR. F. ALEXANDER.

The Golden Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Van Raalte and Lord Howard de Walden obscures the ordinary events of the social week, and even the City turns towards the West to consider a couple of such financial magnitude. But Lord and Lady Howard de Walden are not wealthy in the approved machine-made manner: during the short term of his engagement, Lord Howard de

Walden dared to buy a farm, though all his brothers in riches are insisting that they are just the people who cannot afford acres or any cow. While the young people get a farm, however, they lose Audley End, which may be one of the reasons why Miss Van Raalte came to be called, after the novel, "Howard's End." Or was that merely because she brought a most notable bachelorhood to a close? This happy termination, it may be added, was arranged to take place on Tuesday, the 20th.



MR. H. C. PILKINGTON.



THE SWITCHBACK ROAD FOR MOTOR-CARS: SUGGESTED FOUR-MILE STRETCHES OF "TRACK" BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON OR LONDON AND PORTSMOUTH.

This Switchback Road is the idea of Mr. George Phillips, of Messrs. Kelth, Proyse and Co., and he suggests that it should be built either on the Portsmouth Road or the Brighton Road. Its cost, he says, would be £125,000; and it would give the same sensation as the familiar switchback of the exhibitions, plus the fact that the journey would be made through natural scenery. For cyclists, there would be a flat track dipping under the motor road, and also a switchback course parallel with the motor-course. The tracks would be lit by electricity at night. Entrance would be made through toll-gates. Each motor-track would be thirty or thirty-six feet wide, and the grass division between the up and down tracks would fill twenty feet. The track dividing the motor and cycle road would be twenty-six feet wide and turfed. In the drawing the up and down tracks are shown side by side.

From the Plan prepared by Mr. Henry M. Bennett. Reproduced by Courtesy of its Designer and of Mr. George Phillips.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE Emperor of Japan's New Year poem was read aloud five times by each of the Court Poetry Readers at the Imperial Poem Party, while the assembly stood respectfully with bowed heads. Mr. Du Maurier and others will notice with regret that there is no mention of any critics having had their heads sliced off during the festivities.

Artemus Ward's humour has been adopted by no less a person than Mr. William Archer, who remarks, "From every point of view the absurdity of the current spelling involves very serious detriment to the mental efficiency of our race." But why not add, as Artemus did, "This is a goak"?



Mr. Edison says that more people are killed by over-eating than by any other cause. Ages ago an unknown philosopher said that most people dug their graves with their teeth. If Mr. Edison will finish his electric motor we will excuse him from furbishing up our old saws.

THE ELECTRIC DRINK.

(When you meet a friend in the City do not offer him alcoholic stimulants, but treat him to Nikola Tesla's electric cocktail.)

When you meet with a friend in the city,
Who complains that he's feeling run down,
Refrain from expressing your pity
With brandy both ancient and brown.
But treat him as Tesla advises,
Prescribe an electrical shock,
And your life will be full of surprises
From the battery carried *ad hoc*.

For Smith is a muscular hero,
And Jones has a powerful punch,
And the temper of Brown stands at zero,
In the hours between breakfast and lunch.
So you'd best have a medico handy,
For you'll get what is known as the "knock,"
If they ask for a whisky or brandy,
And receive an electrical shock.

We are told that the London dialect is not vulgar, but one of the oldest forms of English speech. That seems odd, for the present London dialect is not as old as the days of Sam Weller.

Matlock Bath golf course is going to be farmed this summer. Agriculture must indeed be looking up if farmers can hope to grow anything more than bunkers and advertisement-boards.

That daring man Professor Abbot has been feeling the sun's pulse, and estimates its temperature at 7000 degrees Centigrade.

That will account for the heat of last summer, but the fever must have gone down a bit by the beginning of February.

Sir Thomas Clouston says that there was once a boy who cried half the night because he thought he had taken more than

his fair share of jam. A most unhealthy child. If the normal boy ever cries it is because he thinks that he has *not* taken more than his fair share.

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.

(Owing to the supersession of the tube skirt the petticoat is coming into fashion again.)

Awake, my Herrick! let your lays
Renew their lyric strain,
For Madam Fashion's narrow ways
Are broadening again.
Once more in deathless measures hymn
The fluttering frills that float
Tempestuous round an ankle trim—
Thy Julia's petticoat.

The days of tubular
design
In women's dress
are past,
The mathematical
straight line
Is vanishing at
last.
Once more that garb
tempestuous,

On which you used to dote,
Returns with all its frills and fuss—
Thy Julia's petticoat!

An onlooker says that he can tell a hockey girl anywhere by her broken nose and her want of front teeth. Even the new woman cannot hit straight. When she swipes at the hockey-ball she lands on her adversary's nose.

"The education of the savage is better than the so-called education received by many people in a civilised community," says Miss Walmsley, "because he is taught to do things for himself." The periodical grumbles about education seem to be directed less at the want of instruction on how to do things than at the lack of training in how to do people.

Meanwhile, Eton has ceased to be a public school. It seems to be an established fact that a large proportion of the boys wear "dickeys" over flannel shirts. For the future it will be known as an "Academy for Young Gentlemen."

Scientists are now making chickens grow fat and plump by passing the electric current through them. For the future chicken-hazard will not be in it for excitement with chicken and champagne.

Rostand on Dickens. "The marvellous genius comes to us impregnated with the welcome scent of Christmas and tea. We must crown him with mistletoe until January comes. We must place him between Andersen and Tolstoy." To appreciate this properly, think of the Red-nosed Shepherd and the Vidder.

Michigan, U.S.A., gives two years' hard labour to any woman within its borders who wears a hatpin more than ten inches long. Good! There is at least one spot on earth where the head that wears the hatpin does not rule the world.

Horse-cabs have been abolished in Berlin. The next thing will be the mounting of the Kaiser's Household Cavalry on motor-bicycles. The horse may be a noble animal, but it is quite useless to man.



NOTEWORTHY FIGURES: LIVING MUSIC BY GRANDVILLE.



1. "MARCHÉ HÉROIQUE": WARRIORS IN FULL FIGHT; WITH SWORDS, BOWS AND ARROWS, SHIELDS, FLAGS, BATTLE-AXES, AND A WELL-PLUMED LEADER.
2. "MARCHÉ MILITAIRE ET ORIENTALE": TURKS ON THE MARCH, BEARING STANDARDS AND AXES; NEGROES WITH SPEARS, PICKS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS; STILTED MEN; AND LOOT-CARRIERS.
3. "MUSIQUE RÉLIGIEUSE": CHILDREN OF THE CHOIR KNEELING, PROSTRATING THEMSELVES, AND SINGING; CENSER-SWINGERS; THE PRIEST ELEVATING THE HOST; THE BEADLE PUTTING OUT THE CANDLES.
4. "RONDE, TARANTELLÉ": NEGROES AND NEGRESSES DANCING; EQUILIBRISTS AND PANTOMIMISTS; THE SHARPS REPRESENTED BY SPIDERS AND TARANTULAS.

5. "VALSE": THE INVITATION TO DANCE; THE DANCE; ONE OF THE LADIES FALLS, BUT, LATER, BEGINS DANCING AGAIN; A BENCH GIVES WAY; A FLY IS AGGRESSIVE; THE DANCE CONCLUDES.
6. "GALOP DE MASQUES": A FURIOUS DANCE; THE DANCERS COLLIDE AND FALL ON THEIR HEADS.
7. "BARCAROLLE": FISHERMEN BID GOOD-BYE TO WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS; FISHING; THE WEATHER GROWS STORMY; THE BOATS PITCH AND TOSS AND ONE OVERTURNS: THE RETURN TO HARBOUR.
8. "PASTORALE": A TRULY RURAL SCENE, A STORY OF A GIRL WHO WOULD DESERT COUNTRY FOR TOWN, BUT EVENTUALLY RETURNS HOME.

These curious musical fantasies are by J. J. Grandville, and date from 1840. The artist was one of a famous trinity on "La Caricature"; the other two were Daumier and Gavarni.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"La Dame aux Camélias," 1912.

The elderly playgoer may well blink and think furiously when he watches the "noo Amurrican drammer" at the Globe Theatre, and ask himself "Can such things be?" His memory will take him back to the time when "Formosa; or, the Railroad to Ruin" convulsed the London of the mid-Victorian era, since Dion Boucicault and the Drury Lane manager of 1869 were venturing to put a really naughty lady on the sacred boards of the National Theatre. I am not old enough to recollect that event, but when "Formosa" reappeared in 1891 we all recognised that she had grown shockingly old and was a desperately unrealistic picture of a member of the most ancient profession for women. And that elderly playgoer will think, too, of the days when "La Dame aux Camélias" was prohibited because the consumptive Marguerite was not irreproachable in her way of getting a living, though she was permitted to appear under the name of Violetta in "La Traviata," for music hath charms to soothe the savage breast of the Censor, and he has long accepted the proposition that what must not be said may be sung. Of course, as time went by, Marguerite made her way across the footlights, and yet for years the naughty ladies were exhibited on the stage very timidly even in the days when Sir Charles Wyndham was a dashing farcical actor, and the Criterion Theatre was regarded by some as a house the virtuous refrained from visiting—

openly. Later on the managers grew bolder and bolder, and the period arrived when those ladies no longer figured on the stage under the term "actresses," as they do to this day on charge-sheets at the police-stations, and the men-folk of the plays were supposed to go a little further than a mere flirtation with them.

An American "Iris."

Looking back, the elderly playgoer may well have gaped at the chunk of life, not too nicely cooked, which was presented on the stage at the Globe Theatre in "The Easiest Way," where two characters out of a whole cast of six were women who earned their livelihood by the sale of themselves to men of whom they were

a pasted-in person, highly virtuous, improbable, and irrelevant. Shucks!—whatever that may mean, for I have not quite got back to English yet—but the Censor seems to have been inconsistent. Not that I wish to say such subjects ought to be taboo; but I would like to know what earthly reason there is why "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which holds up very powerfully to execration the traders in such women, should be banned for its subject if the victims themselves are to be exhibited so candidly and their devices expounded as plainly as the picturesque slang of the American language will allow. And I wish to suggest, as an argument in support of the abolition of the Censorship, that it is an unfortunate state of things that stage plays should have to be licensed at all, since the license is treated by nine out of ten good people as an official assurance that a play is suited for all classes of playgoer. If there were no licenses; parents and guardians would make inquiries as to the character of plays, knowing that many would be produced which in their opinion would be unfit for young people. As the matter stands, the license is no more a certificate of propriety than is the wreath of the *rosière*, according to French comic writers, a guarantee of virtue. If it be suggested that this American "Iris," in which everyone detected a resemblance to Sir Arthur Pinero's play, has the moral that it is very difficult for the fallen woman to rise, it also seems to suggest that she will have a ripping good time from the material point of view if she does not bother her pretty head about matrimony.

"Jam Satis."

To me there seems no real objection to presenting such women on the stage, except, possibly, in the case of the etherealised Marguerite, whom Duse represented as if she was as "chaste as snow." The whole race of them, from a Nancy Sikes to a Paula Tanqueray or Iris, is a necessary subject for sad study, but there is more than one way of treating them; also there are times and places, and those who regard them, on the whole, as more sinned against than sinning, who can find something to pity, even in the weak heroine of "The Easiest Way," may wonder whether the stage as a rule gains by having as leading characters these women with many pasts, and also, in the present case, with many futures. It is possible to get tired of being in such indifferent society as we had at the Globe Theatre, and not unreasonable to complain that the picture presented is not free from danger. Without demanding the savage morality of Hogarth's series, "A Harlot's Progress," one may suggest a somewhat drier treatment than that of the ingenious American author, Mr. Eugene Walter, whose clever play, if it had a really big actress in the part of Laura, would draw the whole of London to the Globe Theatre.



ANOTHER MADONNA: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
IN "THE MIRACLE."

Speaking to a "Pall Mall" interviewer the other day, Miss Braithwaite said: "I find movement after the forty minutes' sitting still very trying. During that time I must not move hand or foot, and the crowd going over the trap-door shakes me a good deal. I am very nervous coming down those steps just at first, and Maria Carmi suffered a good deal, also, at first, from the same feeling. I expect it will wear off, and I have made no arrangements so far for massage in the interval, which Mme. Carmi found necessary."

Photograph by Record Press.



"THE MIRACLE'S" NEW MADONNA IN
PRIVATE LIFE: MISS LILIAN
BRAITHWAITE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

not fond, the third was a nigger servant *particeps criminis*, whilst one man was the keeper of one of these women; another wanted to marry her—on the understanding that she would "run on the level"—and the third, and the last of the lot, was merely

THE SHOULD - A - MAN - GIVE - A - WOMAN - AWAY ? PLAY.

"THE FIRE-SCREEN," AT THE GARRICK.



1. ANGELA VERRINDER (MISS KATE CUTLER) SWears TO MARTHA HADDEN (MISS VIOLET VANDRUGH) THAT SHE WILL MAKE OLIVER HADDEN HER LOVER.
2. MARTHA PERSUADES HORACE TRAVERS (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) TO GIVE AWAY THE DATE AND TIME OF ANGELA'S VISIT TO HIS FLAT.
3. TRAVERS IS SOMEWHAT ASHAMED AT HAVING ARRANGED THAT MARTHA AND HER HUSBAND SHOULD SURPRISE ANGELA IN HIS FLAT.

4. ANGELA, LEARNING THE PLOT ARRANGED BY MARTHA, BEGS TRAVERS TO LET HER LEAVE HIS FLAT BEFORE THE HADDENS ARRIVE.
5. MARTHA TELLS ANGELA THAT IT IS BETTER TO BE A COPY-BOOK THAN A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
6. ANGELA LEAVES TRAVERS, THE FIRE-SCREEN, IN HIS FLAT, AFTER SCATHING REMARKS AS TO HIS CONDUCT IN GIVING HER AWAY.

Martina Hadden quarrels with Angela Verrinder, who has been flirting with her husband, Oliver, and Angela tells her she will have Hadden as her lover. Martha then makes a counter-move. Guessing that Angela is to visit the flat of Horace Travers, she asks him to continue to act as fire-screen by keeping Angela, the flame, from scorching Oliver, and to allow her husband and herself to come to the flat and see Travers and Angela together. Travers is persuaded to do this, although for a considerable time he refuses to "give a woman away." Nevertheless, as we have said, he yields; the "discovery" is made by the Haddens, and eventually Angela retires to the Continent.

Photographs by Foulsham and Ranfield.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THAT the King is the best-informed man in the kingdom goes without saying, but seldom are the workings of the machinery that keeps him informed so plainly visible as they have been of late. India could not be brought to him, so he went to India, but most other things are carried through the gates and across the courtyard of Buckingham Palace. Lord Haldane was received just before he caught the German express, and immediately after stepping out of it on his homecoming. His Majesty could hardly have closer tidings of a situation of which nothing can be gathered from the shrill voices of the Press. And, on a smaller matter, here was first-hand news for King George. Whatever may have been Lord Haldane's secretiveness about himself, his future at the War Office, and his personal ambitions, it was dispelled during his audience.

Extra Specials. Most days last week his Majesty held in personal conversation no fewer than twenty men, armed with substantial news. Even Sir Cecil Smith, with such tidings in the little bye-world of art, found himself honoured with an audience sandwiched in between those granted to Ministers and Ambassadors; and before he left his Majesty knew as much as he himself of the mystery of the South Kensington case—or cases, and the reason of Mr. Morgan's withdrawal of his treasures. And if the King had, in a week of ceremonies in which he himself acted, no time for Olympia, his Prime Minister went to him full of impressions of a new Nun. And, needless to say, when the Privy Council met last Wednesday at Buckingham Palace, the King knew as much about the King's Speech as anybody. It is probable that King George's renewal of

precedents that have fallen into desuetude will not end with the granting of the Garter to Sir Edward Grey. Kings may break or make precedents, but their revival is more to the present ruler's mind, and there are questions of revival which await his own immediate control and initiative. Honour for a Cabinet Minister does not necessarily originate with his Majesty, but if the ladies of some of the members of the Order find that they may once more participate in its outward show it will be due to a feeling at the heart



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, LADY PENTLAND. Lord Pentland was Secretary for Scotland until the other day, when he was appointed Governor of the Presidency of Madras. Before her marriage, Lady Pentland was known as Lady Marjorie Adeline Gordon, daughter of the seventh Earl of Aberdeen.

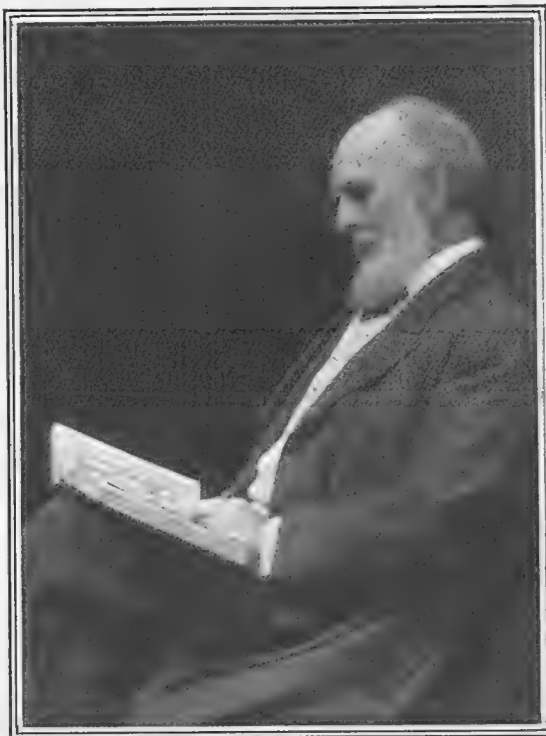
Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS WINIFRED MARY WORSLEY AND MR. FRANCIS P. C. PEMBERTON, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Worsley is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir William Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, Yorkshire, the third Baronet of a creation dating from 1838. Mr. Pemberton, of the 2nd Life Guards, is the only son of Canon and Mrs. Pemberton, of Trumpington Hall, Cambridgeshire.

Photographs by Swaine.



CHAIRMAN OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE ON ANGLO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP: LORD COURTNEY OF PENWITH. Lord Courtney, who was born at Penzance in 1832, was educated at St. John's, Cambridge. He has been Under-Secretary of State for the Home Office and the Colonial Office, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Chairman of Committees, and Deputy Speaker. He is a Unionist. He is to be Chairman of the Peace Conference to be held at Caxton Hall in May, on Anglo-German friendship.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



ENGAGED TO PRINCESS PRETIVA OF COCH BEHAR: MR. LIONEL HENRY MANDER.

Mr. Mander is a nephew of Sir Charles Mander, Bt. He is considerably interested in aviation, and is partner in a famous varnish and paint firm.

Photograph by Beresford.

of the Court that this is an age in which women should no longer be shorn of honours and decorations. At present Queen Mary is the only lady whose breast is ever banded with the conspicuous blue. After all, it originally belonged to a lady.

Hail, Thane of Glamys! The Lords, in ordinary court-ess, learn the

new titles that come among them with the opening of a new Parliament. But who else can rattle off with any ease the six most recent creations, or, what is more, match them with the family names of their holders? Sir Alfred Thomas, Mr. Hope

Morley, and Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael remain, for an almost indefinite period, Sir Alfred Thomas, Hope Morley, and Sir Thomas Carmichael to the average man even of their own circles. The Clubs are beyond words lazy as to styles. "Who is Lord Willingdon?" was asked at his own elbow by one of his own acquaintances only a month or two ago; and Lord Hollenden of Leigh is hardly conscious of his own title, save that he has already seen it misspelt. And since we are so backward in our task, why rush into new perplexity? A paragraph is being circulated as to the title that will be assumed by the Speaker when he is no longer Speaker, but has climbed down from his chair into the Upper House. Time enough when we have caught up with arrears of Peers.

Counted Out. Count Gleichen, now to be condoled with on the death of his mother, Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, has himself been mourned as dead—for half-a-minute. Known to Mr. Atkins as "Tommy's Count," and to his mess as "Glick," he was a favourite Grenadier Guardsman, and when he fell at M o d d e r River, and was seen to give a convulsive kick and lie still,

the word went round that "Poor Glick is dead." "No, I'm not," he managed to say; "come and look after my neck!" Since then he and his scar have had other adventures, including a somewhat perilous attempt at rescuing a drowning servant. Nearly two years ago he married Miss Sylvia Edwardes, who, a learned Maid of Honour, stated his relationship to King George without thinking twice a step-first-cousin twice removed.



MISS LILIAN ECKSTEIN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN RAYMOND BAZLEY JOHNSON WAS FIXED FOR THE 20TH.

Miss Eckstein is the daughter of Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, of Welford Park, Newbury. Captain Johnson, D.S.O., is in the Inniskilling Dragoons. The wedding was arranged to take place at St. Gregory's, Welford Park.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.

TO WED AN ENGLISHMAN: A CHARMING INDIAN ROYALTY.

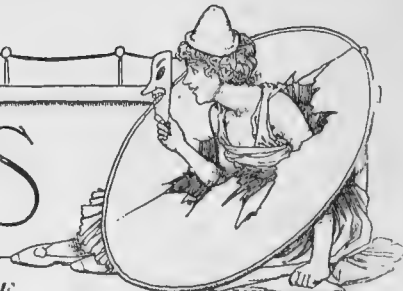


ENGAGED TO MR. LIONEL HENRY MANDER; AND TO MARRY HIM VERY SHORTLY IN CALCUTTA:
PRINCESS PRETIVA OF COOCH BEHAR.

It is announced that a marriage has been arranged, and will take place very shortly in Calcutta, between Lionel Henry Mander, second son of the late Samuel Theodore Mander, of Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton, and nephew of Sir Charles Mander, Bt., and Princess Pretiva, second daughter of his late Highness the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. The Princess's father, who died in September of last year, at Bexhill, ruled on very European lines and was famous as a sportsman. As a Freemason he was Past Grand Senior Warden of England. The present Maharajah, his son, was educated at Eton and at Oxford. [Photographs by Rita Martin.]



STAR TURNS



THE PERFECT DANCERS: OSCAR AND SUZETTE.

THE youngest Star Turn on the London stage is that of Oscar and Suzette, who have been delighting the Hippodrome's audiences for the last few weeks with their semi-attached and detached drawing-room dances. He has been on the stage only six months, and she but little more than six weeks. Yet in that time they have established themselves so firmly in public favour that a round of applause greets their appearance. A New York boy, Oscar began his career in a typically democratic and American manner. He went to Paris and there obtained a situation as a page-boy in hotels and restaurants. One day, he saw an advertisement for a special messenger for the *Daily Mail* Continental edition. He applied for it and got it. The duties of the post were to travel daily from Paris to Folkestone to obtain the proofs which were sent from London, and to take them back to Paris in order that the special articles might be set up in time for the next morning's paper. The position was one of obvious responsibility, for any failure on the part of the messenger would prevent the Paris edition of the paper from appearing. One night, Oscar went out celebrating a happy day with some friends. They celebrated until the early hours of the morning, yet he still caught the morning mail from Paris, but found, to his dismay, that he did not have a penny in his pocket. There was no way of getting any money, so he had to go on penniless. The train started, and, tired with the night's revelries, he went to sleep. When he awoke, he found himself in Calais instead of Boulogne. The only thing for him to do was to cross and trust to getting from Dover to Folkestone in time to meet the London train, which left for Paris at four o'clock. As soon as the boat reached Dover he dashed off to a garage, and explained that he was the *Daily Mail* messenger and wanted the fastest motor to take him to Folkestone. The proprietor of the garage rose to the urgency of the occasion. In a few minutes a motor-car was ready and Oscar was speeding on his way. He arrived at Folkestone as the London train came in. He dashed on to the platform, shouted to the interpreter attached to the train, "Pay this motor-car £4 10s.," seized his despatch-box, rushed on to the boat and reached Paris without turning a hair.

Eventually, he drifted back to America and tried to become a reporter on the papers, but failed, so he went back again to Paris, where his father had in the meantime opened a café.

One day he received a telegram from a brother who was engaged as a dancer at a cabaret in Vienna to go to see him. When he arrived, his brother told him that he was to start that night as a dancer. He had never danced a step in his life, not even a polka or a waltz. The partner who had been allotted to him took him in hand during the afternoon, and he was able to get around in a few simple dances during the evening, but

none of the habitués of the establishment would dance with him, so obvious a novice was he.

At this cabaret he remained for two months, and by constant practice soon acquired a certain skill. Then he left Vienna and went to Paris, where he had no difficulty in obtaining engagements at cabarets and restaurants. His unfortunate Vienna experience was wiped out, for all the regular frequenters of the cabarets wanted to dance with him on account of his neatness and his elegance. It was then that he found a partner in Mlle. Régine, with whom he danced at the restaurants in Monte Carlo, Paris, and Vienna, in which last-named city he really began to make his reputation. While on the Continent one of the representatives of the Hippodrome saw him and entered into a contract with him for that popular house. When he arrived last September to begin that engagement he had never been on the stage before, and did not even know how to "make up." A tour through the provinces followed, and then came the dissolution of the partnership with Mlle. Régine and the beginning of his association with Mlle. Suzette, whom he had met while dancing in Hamburg. When she came to London to meet him at the end of last year she had never danced in public before. So great, however, was her aptitude for the work that after she had had five lessons with Oscar she could dance seven dances perfectly.



PLAYING IN "KISMET" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK: MISS VIOLET ROMER, THE CLASSICAL DANCER—A STATUETTE.

The "Turkey Trot," which is one of the features of their present engagement at the Hippodrome, Oscar regards as an idiotic and ungraceful performance. He was first told of it and shown the steps by an Englishman, well known in Society, who had just arrived from America. He at once recognised that it is really a negro dance, so he hunted out some coloured people whom he knew and got them to dance it for him. It would, however, in his estimation, be impossible to dance it in public as they do, and he has therefore removed all the objectionable elements from it while retaining the characteristic steps and bearing. Its negro character, however, is apparent to all who have ever seen negroes dance.

The Apache dance, which still figures in his repertoire, Oscar hopes to eliminate for ever, for he has the greatest objection to it. Indeed, he speaks of it in the strongest terms of repugnance, and during the forthcoming Continental tour which he and his partner are on the eve of beginning they will refrain from doing it. The reason for this decision, apart from the purely artistic one, is easily understood when it is stated that the realism of the dance is very marked.

Often they come off the stage black and blue with the blows they give each other, and Oscar frequently finds a handful of hair which he has unwittingly torn from Suzette's head in the excitement of the dance.



TO APPEAR AT MATINÉES IN THE WEST END: THE MARGARET MORRIS DANCING CHILDREN. The children delighted Manchester recently, and are to be seen before long at matinées at a leading West-End theatre. They were specially trained by Miss Margaret Morris, who is now appearing as Mrs. Megan, the flower-seller, in "The Pigeon," at the Royalty.—[Photograph by Borup.]

GRACE NOTES!



JOHNNIE (to the clerical guest, who has just finished an elaborate "grace"): Father says a much shorter grace than you do.

THE CLERGYMAN: Indeed — and what does he say?

JOHNNIE: Well, yesterday he said, "Good Lord, what a meal!"

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

PHRASES ROYAL AND ANCIENT, PLUS UP-TO-DATE REPLIES!



PHRASE: Haven't touched a club for a month—you'll knock my head off.
REPLY: I mean to.



PHRASE: Oh, hard luck, old chap! That bunker ought never to be there.
REPLY: Liar!



PHRASE: Look at this, old chap; right in a heel-mark!
REPLY: Serve you—well right!



PHRASE: I only hope I shall be able to give you a game.
REPLY: I doubt it.



PHRASE: I sometimes think I'll chuck it altogether.
REPLY: Why don't you?



PHRASE: Great Scott!—I can't putt for nuts.
REPLY: Hear! Hear!

THINGS THAT ARE SAID AT GOLF; AND THE STRICTLY ACCURATE ANSWERS WHICH MIGHT BE MADE.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

WHAT CAN THE HARE THINK OF THE "COMELY GOING"?

1. THE QUARRY IN FULL FLIGHT
BEFORE THE HOUNDS.

2. TURNED.

3. THE WRENCH.

4. A HARE OUTPACING HIS
PURSUERS.

5. THE HARE BEING TURNED.

6. THE COURSE NEARING ITS END.

7. THE RUN UP.

8. A SHARP TURN.

9. A STOUT HARE.

10. A CLOSE RACE.

The Waterloo Cup Meeting is due to begin to-day (21st). Particular interest attaches, therefore, to these photographs. Coursing, it may be recalled, is one of the oldest of field sports, and King Solomon, for example, gives the greyhound as an instance of that which "goes well and is comely in going." In Britain, coursing has been popular from at least the Middle Ages; but the first definite set of rules for deciding the merits of a brace of greyhounds in pursuit of a hare was drawn up in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE PRIMITIVE HUNTER: HIS WAYS AND HIS WEAPONS.*

To Seek or Be Sought.

The story of primitive man is that of the ancient hunter. The conditions under which *homo sapiens* roamed an earth whose formation differed as widely from that we know as did he himself from the big-game shot of to-day made familiarity with the ways of the beasts of vital importance to him. He had to seek or meekly to suffer being sought, kill or be killed; and he had to live literally from hand to mouth: the rude weapons of his fashioning, the cunning of his brain, had to be pitted against the brute strength of his natural enemies and of his food. So he developed craft and skill. To this many relics are witnesses. And the Englishman of the early Stone Age, for example, had important quarry—"great herds of elephants of an ancient kind (*Elephas antiquus*), the mightier predecessors,



ART. AKIN TO THAT OF ANCIENT HUNTERS; DRAWINGS ON ESKIMO BOW-DRILLS.

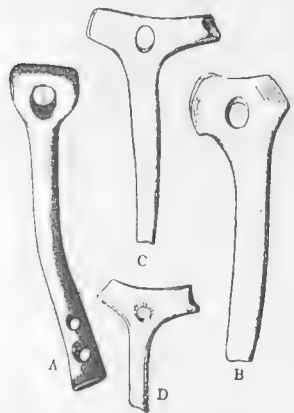
On the left is a man gathering berries; in the middle are two boys playing football; on the right are hunters quarrelling over the possession of game.

Reproduced from Professor Sollas' "Ancient Hunters" by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

perhaps ancestors, of the mighty African elephant," the soft-nosed rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the sabre-toothed tiger, *Machairodus*, herds of bison, wild horses, and various kinds of deer, the Irish elk among them.

The Primitive Man's Weapons.

Necessity, to use the old tag, was the mother of Invention. As beasts had to be slain, means of slaying had to be devised. So came into being numerous implements of the chase. By way of illustration, it is good to note those of the Tasmanians, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, were living in the dawn of the Palaeolithic epoch, and thus gave opportunity to the modern man of science to study the people of the remote past. "Their implements were few and simple, made of wood or stone; their weapons, whether



USED BY PRIMITIVE MAN: REINDEER HORNS ADAPTED FOR STRAIGHTENING THE SHAFTS OF ARROWS AND SPEARS.

A is an Eskimo shaft-straightener; B, C, D are shaft-straighteners of the Aurignacian age. "They are made of reindeer horn, through which a cylindrical hole has been drilled to grip the shaft of the arrow or lance, as a preliminary to straightening it."

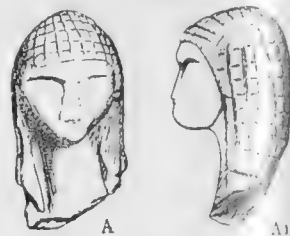
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for the chase or war, were of wood. Of these the spear was the most important; it was fashioned out of the shoots of the 'ti' tree, which are distinguished for their straightness. To convert one of these into a spear was an operation demanding considerable skill and care: the stick was first warmed over a fire to render it limber, and if not quite straight was corrected by bending with both hands while held firmly between the teeth. Thus the human jaw was the earliest 'arrow-straightener.' The end was hardened by charring in the fire, and sharpened by scraping with a notched flake of stone. With a similar implement the bark was removed and the surface rendered round and smooth." The Australian aborigines, the Mousterians of the Antipodes, presented other things. They were in advance of the Tasmanians. Their spear often had barbs and had a separate head of wood or flaked stone; they had a throwing-stick for hurling it; they had two kinds of boomerang, one returning, one non-returning. Their stone axes and adzes had hafts; their stone knives, wooden handles. "The axe is made

vertically with smart blows near the edge. In this way, long, thin lamina, something like the blade of a dagger, are obtained, triangular in section, with a single broad face on one side and two narrower ones on the other, or an additional face may be present." In other times the ancient hunter had other aids—awls and pins of bone, water-going craft, stone knives with resin handles, "straighteners" for arrows and for spear-shafts, arms and tools of bone, reindeer's horn, and mammoth's ivory, barbed harpoons, and bows and arrows. He had, too, the spear-thrower, which, "reduced to its simplest terms, is a stick with a recurved tooth at one end; the spear is laid parallel with the stick, its butt-end resting against the tooth. . . . By a sweeping movement of the wrist and forearm, the spear is discharged, and as the fingers close over the handle of the throwing-stick this is swept forwards with great force and rapidity, following and accelerating the spear in its flight." And his tools were no playthings. One of the commonest was the scraper, a flake of stone about two inches in diameter, "carefully dressed by chipping on one side only to a somewhat blunt edge. . . . It was used for flaying animals caught in the chase. . . . To test its powers, Professor Tylor sent a specimen to the slaughter-house, requesting the butcher to try his skill in flaying with it. . . . On trial the flake was found to be admirably adapted to the task, removing the skin without damaging it by accidental cuts."

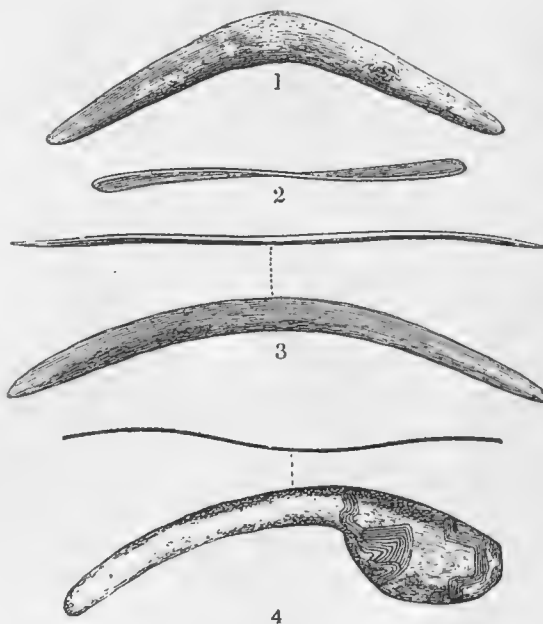
Poison in Various Kinds.

Less "civilised" assistance was given by poisons. Let the Bushman provide material. "Different kinds of poison were used, some stronger, some weaker, according to the size and vitality of the intended victim. In all of them the poisonous juice of some plant, *Amaryllis* (*A. toxicaria*), or *Euphorbia*, or *Strophanthus*, thickened by evaporation in the sun, furnished a solvent or menstruum to which more violent animal poisons were added; scorpions and centipedes ground up into powder were the distinctive ingredients of one kind; another contained snake-poison; another was prepared from the trap-door spider, a creature of such venom that its bite is said to kill a frog in less than a minute; but the most fatal of all was obtained from the N'gwa, a little caterpillar about half an inch in length, the entrails of which furnished a poison so rapid in action that it was employed in hunting the lion."—There are four hundred and six pages to Professor Sollas's most interesting work: every line upon them will repay the reading, for they trace man, the ancient hunter, from the beginning of our knowledge of him into remote periods of comparative civilisation, and deal, too, with the modern representatives of the primitives. There are two hundred and thirty-five illustrations: every one of them is worthy of careful study, for they are as illuminating as the text they accompany. The fascination of scientific reconstruction from relics unearthed is upon the book as a whole: it cannot fail to appeal to specialist and to layman alike.



OF THE AURIGNACIAN AGE: AN IVORY FIGURINE

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WEAPONS OF THE MOUSTERIANS OF THE ANTIPODES: ARMS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

No. 1 is a returning boomerang; No. 2 is the same seen edgewise to show the twist in its form, which is exaggerated in the diagram and really does not amount to more than two or three degrees; No. 3 is a non-returning boomerang without regular twist, and is shown edgewise above; No. 4 is a boomerang used for fighting and seldom thrown—it is seen edgewise above.

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*"Ancient Hunters; and Their Modern Representatives." By W. J. Sollas, Professor of Geology and Palaeontology in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.)

THE BERTH RATE.



THE MISTRESS (*interviewing servant in search of work—perhaps!*): And have you had any experience in taking care of children?
 THE MAID (*with proper contempt*): No, Ma'am, certainly not; I've always worked for the very best families.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE RAGGING OF AMMERIN.

By CHRISTOPHER STONE.

IT must have been the night of the fancy-dress ball at the hotel, because I have a distinct recollection of a hulking American dressed up as a baby, in white, with a blue sash and a yellow wig, and fat, greasy face—though the face may have been his own, for all I know—perched on a high stool, very drunk and still drinking, who annoyed us all by his maudlin interjections. We hustled him out of the bar, somehow, mewing and hiccuping plaintively; and it was after we were all settled down again comfortably in arm-chairs, with drinks and smokes, that Tennant began to talk. He was that sort of man, a veteran of the hotel who knew everybody and chose his friends; sparing of conversation but prodigal of anecdote; a man who liked to come in at the end of a general conversation and to round it off with firm, incisive, chiselling urbanity. He had spent the winter months at Sonchaud ever since the hotel was built; remembered the days when all the winter sports to be had were skiing on the slopes above, skating on a rink which was a lawn-tennis court, and lugging down the public road to Villeneuve—when there was enough snow; and he seemed to have stored his mind with memories of all the people who had come and gone during the last ten years, and of all the ordinary and extraordinary things that had happened at Sonchaud since the hotel was opened. Nothing on earth would induce him to wear fancy dress; and in the weird group of eccentricities in the bar that night he looked very cool and comfortable as he sat in his favourite chair, immaculately dressed, with the inevitable last cigar never more than three inches from his lips. He always sat with legs crossed, his left elbow in his right hand, the cigar seeming to hover round his mouth—a very characteristic attitude.

Bentley, who remembers the Indian Mutiny but still has the heart of an undergraduate, suggested that we should go and wreck the hulking American's room. The rest of us demurred for one reason or another. The fellow was probably in bed and asleep by that time.

"Besides, he's married," said Cromlin; "it wouldn't do, Bentic."

"By gad, I'm sorry for his wife," said Bentley. "I can stick most things; but a drunken American is simply the toe-cap for me."

Some of us laughed at this; but old Bentley has a droll way of saying foolish things. But when we had stopped there was a pause, and Tennant cleared his throat.

"Do any of you remember a little German called Ammerin about four years ago?" he asked.

"What, you don't mean the troglodyte? The man we ragged so hopelessly?"

"Yes, that's the fellow. I had forgotten you were here."

"I should think I was," Bentley protested. "It was I that eventually pulled him out of bed."

"What for?" asked Cromlin, striking a match lazily.

"For being a dirty little German," said Bentley, and glanced round the room to see if there was anyone likely to be offended. "The meanest little beggar that ever came inside this bar," he added. "Stand a drink—not he! He'd hang round like a scavenger, waiting for someone to offer him a drink and gobbling up potato-chips whenever Fritz was out of the room. He didn't care what he drank so long as someone else paid for it. Well, we stood it for a long time. But one night when he wasn't in here, for a wonder, we decided to fetch him here and make him stand drinks all round. Someone knew the number of his room; so we trooped up to it and found the door was locked. I called to him, but he wouldn't come out; he told us to go away and said we were drunk. I called him a few names in German and said we would break down the door. He didn't answer, and by gad, do you know, we *did* smash in that door! Hinges and frame and all; it made the deuce of a crash. And there he was," said Bentley, laughing so that he could hardly speak, "there he was in bed, in pink pyjamas, with his knees up to his chin and a scared look on his ugly little face. I say, Tennant, he *was* a tarantula, wasn't he?"

"He certainly lacked some of the elements of beauty," Tennant admitted.

"By Jove, he did," said Bentley. "Where on earth he was dredged up, I don't know. Well, anyhow, one of the fellows whispered to me that he had a revolver under the bed-clothes. Perhaps he had; I never saw it. As soon as I touched him he gave in meekly enough, though he had been cursing us and threatening us in German enough to dislocate his jaw. We took him downstairs, sat him on one of the stools in here, had three drinks all round, made him sing 'God save the King,' and then laid him on the floor and bumped him up and down till he coughed."

"Damned bad luck on him," said Cromlin.

"He didn't care," said Bentley indignantly. "He was *flattered*! He went about the next day telling everyone about it. Didn't he, Tennant?"

"I thought he behaved very well over the whole business," said the latter. "But then, of course, I know more about him than you do."

"How was that?"

"Well," said Tennant, shifting his position slightly, so that we all knew we were in for a yarn, "I happened to get to know him pretty well that year. Of course everyone in the hotel knew him by sight. He walked about for a week in a black tail coat and a bowler hat, and when his sporting clothes arrived from home, they were even more conspicuous. Will you ever forget those clock breeches, Bentley?"

"Rather not," said Bentley, chuckling; "nor his yellow boots and sponge-bag cap. He was like a French caricature of an Englishman."

"That's just it," Tennant resumed. "He *was* imitating the English style. It seems that he adored England and the English; he had stayed at Southsea for a month in the summer, and had found the English girls perfectly charming. They called him the Water-baby when he bathed with them. And he made no secret, to me, at all events, that the great ambition of his life was to marry an English girl. I remember a most amusing walk that I had with him one afternoon when old Admiral Lupin and I found him struggling up the road from Villeneuve. He was asthmatic, and the Admiral was a bit weak in the knees; so we all crawled up together, and Ammerin kept us amused all the way. He was rich enough, the only son of a Frankfort manufacturer, and he had a curious hatred of Prussians. It sounds odd to us to hear a German black-guarding the Kaiser before a complete stranger; but this fellow did, and seemed quite unconscious of disloyalty. The other Germans in the hotel that year would have nothing to do with him; but the Englishmen had a lot of fun out of him, and he certainly showed plenty of pluck when it came to lugging and skating, both of which he did abominably badly. But none of the women would look at him, and he spent most of his time in the bar here. He played a capital game of chess, by the way; that was how I got to know him pretty well; and every evening almost he had a couple of games either with me or the Admiral. He had a very curious development of the Sicilian opening which flummoxed the Admiral time after time . . . You remember the cotillon that year, Bentley, how he came straight across the room to Barbara Lupin with a favour and insisted on dancing with her?"

"It was like his impudence," said Bentley.

"She was a head and shoulders taller than him, and there was something enigmatical about her smile as they waltzed round the room together. I never understood that girl," said Tennant thoughtfully. "She was the last person in the world that you would expect to tolerate a little German shopwalker like Ammerin. There was a lift of her eyebrows which petrified most men, but she didn't use it on him. Later in the evening she positively gave him one of her favours, and it was that which exasperated everyone."

Bentley knocked out his pipe noisily on a flimsy ash-tray. He was dressed like a Spanish grandee.

"Yes, I remember it all now," he said. "She *was* a nice girl—and that's a good fellow she married the other day."

[Continued overleaf.]

Sporting with Winter = Sports: Bateman Eccentricities.



II.—BOBBING: "THE FIVE FUNKERS."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"John Thrale, you mean? Yes, a clever man. He first met her out here that year."

"He wasn't in love with her, then," Bentley asserted.

"You wouldn't have thought so, perhaps," said Tennant. "But you don't see everything, you know."

"I see damned well as much as anyone else," grumbled Bentley.

"Well, then, you must have forgotten what you saw," Tennant was leaning forward and addressing Bentley across the group of us, through a cloud of smoke. "You've forgotten Thrale coming in here after the cotillon, and when we were all laughing over the incident of Ammerin dancing with Barbara Lupin, getting up suddenly and saying, 'I'm damned if I see anything to laugh at. It was an insult to us as Englishmen,' and stalking out of the room. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, by gad, so he did," said Bentley. "You're quite right."

"And it was the next night that you went and pulled Ammerin out of bed. And mark you, John Bentley," said Tennant, looking straight at him, "you were never in your life nearer death than that night."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean that if Barbara Lupin hadn't been standing by your side, Ammerin would have shot you dead at the bottom of his bed, drunk though you were, before he would have let you touch him."

"Rot!" said Bentley, and took a long drink. "I wasn't drunk, for one thing, and I don't believe she was there, for another. I never saw her."

"I daresay not."

"What on earth was she doing there, anyway?" asked Cromlin.

"Well, it's an odd story," said Tennant, "and I don't suppose I have any right to talk about it. But you must all treat it in confidence."

There was a murmur of assent to this.

"I don't suppose you ever realised," said Tennant to Bentley, "that it was Thrale who suggested going to Ammerin's room, stood you drinks till you were up to any mischief, egged you on till you led the way upstairs; it was Thrale who broke down the door; it was Thrale who warned you that Ammerin had a revolver under the bed-clothes."

"Was it? It may have been. I know he was there."

"Where was he afterwards? Did you see him down here in the bar when you were making Ammerin sing 'God save the King'?"

"Not that I remember."

"No, you don't; because he was upstairs in Ammerin's room, ransacking the whole place. It was he who found the revolver in the bed, among other things. And Ammerin, as you said just now, was very good-humoured the next morning. He was flattered by your attention. Did he stay much longer in the hotel?"

"I don't know."

"He left that afternoon. And we're not likely to see him again, any of us."

"Why?" asked Cromlin.

"Because he was a spy," said Tennant, and leaned back again in his chair. It was the only time that I have ever seen Tennant let his cigar go out.

"A spy?" echoed someone.

"I don't believe it," said Bentley stoutly. "If he had been I should have heard of it."

There was a buzz of conversation for a minute or two, but it was Cromlin who roused Tennant from his silence.

"Still I don't understand why Miss Whatshername should have been in the German fellow's bedroom," he said.

"It's quite simple, really," said Tennant. "Thrale was in the Secret Police Service and was shadowing Ammerin ever since the summer, when his movements at Portsmouth had roused suspicion."

At that time Sonchaud was rather a favourite place for naval men with a fortnight's leave; and when Ammerin came here Thrale followed him and watched him pretty closely. Of course, I don't know how serious it was, or what the German spy found out, or what Thrale suspected him of having in his possession. I fancy old Admiral Lupin may have been indiscreet. Anyhow, Thrale made it his business to get Barbara Lupin's help; and the long and the short of it is that on the night of the cotillon she undertook to keep Ammerin engaged while Thrale made an examination of his rooms. Thrale drew absolutely blank. The next night Miss Lupin wanted to play the part of detective while Thrale kept Ammerin down here in the bar. They didn't know that Ammerin had discovered that his room had been searched. But he had—and probably suspected Thrale; so he gave him the slip and went to bed early. Miss Lupin was in his room and just had time to get behind the curtains when she was surprised. As soon as Thrale missed him he was frantic, and went straight to Ammerin's room. The door was locked; Ammerin said he was in bed and feeling ill. Thrale knew Miss Lupin must be in the room, too. He ran upstairs and, as you know, egged on Bentley and the rest of them to go up and break into Ammerin's room. What happened after that you know. When Ammerin had been hauled downstairs in his pyjamas, Thrale and Miss Lupin set to work systematically to search the room, and at last found what they wanted."

"Where was it?"

"I don't know exactly, nor what it was; but I have an idea that some important plans were rolled up inside the sun-blind outside the window. You see, Ammerin knew that he was under suspicion."

"Well, if I ever meet Thrale again," said Bentley, "I shall have something to say to him."

"It was all in a good cause," Tennant smiled. "But perhaps I oughtn't to have told you. Well, it's about bed-time. I'm off." And he rose from his chair.

"Wait a bit," said Cromlin, who was in Pierrot costume. "You haven't told us what happened to Miss Lupin."

"She married Thrale last year."

"Yes, but did the German fellow find her in his room?"

Tennant looked down at Cromlin and smiled curiously.

"How should I know?" he asked.

"I know jolly well you do," said Cromlin.

"Well, my own idea—and I may be quite wrong—is that if Ammerin had not known that she was behind the curtain within a foot of Bentley's shoulder, he would have seen them all damned before he went downstairs to the bar. He was a desperate man, remember."

"I don't see that," said Cromlin. "He was only found out."

"Maybe," Tennant agreed. "But there are wheels within wheels. I only know the outside of the story. All I know is that when Ammerin left Sonchaud the next evening he left it in a coffin, under a tarpaulin, after dark. He shot himself."

"By gad!" exclaimed Bentley. "I never heard of that."

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Tennant.

"And Miss Lupin?"—from Cromlin.

"I believe Ammerin left a letter for her, poor girl. She was down with brain-fever for three months afterwards."

"By gad!" said Bentley again. He pulled himself together with an effort. "I say, Tennant, I wish you wouldn't tell these yarns. I must have another drink after that. Here, Fritz, a Manhattan, quick."

"I couldn't have married Thrale after that," said Cromlin heavily. "He was only a boy."

"No?" said Tennant at the door. "Well, I told you I never could understand that girl. Good-night all."

"I say, Bencie," said Cromlin, after a pause, "I don't think we'll go and rag that American after all."

THE END.



AFTER THE SMASH!

THE MISTRESS: Good gracious, Mary, what on earth was that?
THE MAID: I—er dropped me feather duster, Ma'am.

DRAWN BY J. TODDS.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Golf de Paris.

I had become a little weary of ordinary things, and the game was going very badly when a kind friend wrote to me, "Come to Paris for a change of life and a change of golf!" Reflections followed. "Life? Certainly; but a change of golf? Golf de Paris? Surely not."

And yet—The upshot was that I went off by the afternoon train from Charing Cross, and though I had done a round near town in the morning, I was golfing at Fontainebleau the next day, having motored nearly fifty miles from Paris to do it; the same the day after, and the day after that; then at La Boulie, which is by Versailles, then at Chantilly, then more Chantilly, and really all of it was most excellent. You do not know and do not realise what golf de Paris really is; but if you will inquire and see and understand you will begin to perceive that there is much quality and vast delight in it, and when you have gained some real experience you will agree that it makes the finest change of golf for the player in the South of England, who is not too far removed from Charing Cross and Dover. I say that because the convenience of Paris for such a change as this is one of the pleasures and comforts of the scheme. Be it far from one who hardly counts too long any journey that yields him fine golf to discourage trips to Scotland, but, reading of blizzards and snowdrifts, he is bound to reflect that it is 444 miles from London to St. Andrews, and the travelling lasts ten hours or more, and that it is 383 miles to North Berwick. Now to Paris it is but 259 miles, and the journey by Boulogne, lasting but seven hours, is not at all a dreadful thing. "Yes," says our excellent and most conservative golfing Cynicus, "but let us not confuse the golf of Scotland with the golf of France, or speak of them at the same time."

All of It is Good.

Dear Cynicus, the golf de Paris is infinitely superior to what you imagine it. The change of life for a little while from London to the capital of France is to me a most tasteful thing; yet all may not be desirous of it. Then I will say, as one of not little experience, that the golf de Paris is able to stand by itself for its quality in its appeal to the English player to come to it for a change. Good things have come out of France in the days of long ago, and in recent times; golf that is nearly of the best order is coming out of it now. Here, now, in winter, you may play on dry courses and putt on perfect greens near Paris, and if you like holes with character and individuality—holes, withal, that are good and fair—you may

have a feast in the forest of Fontainebleau. Now, there has been golf in France—at Pau—for some fifty-six years past. For more than half the time since then the game has been played at Biarritz; and the golf of Cannes, of Dinard, Deauville, and Hyères, and some other places, is little younger. But the making of Le Touquet in the north marked some definite progress in the perfecting of courses, and now, as one who has tried the golf of France in the north, the west, and the south, and has just had close experience and made quiet contemplation of it near the capital, I realise that another great advance has been

made and that Paris takes the lead. For many years, from 1896, the club at Versailles was the only one in Paris of any account and popularity. There was a kind of course at Compiègne, but it is only just lately that this has been lengthened and brought up to date. In the meantime, new courses have been made at Fontainebleau and Chantilly; I am told that there is a little one at Le Pecq, St. Germain, which I have not yet seen; and another new one is being constructed in quite the grand manner out at St. Cloud, on the banks of the Seine. This latter will be one of the more convenient courses.

A Perfect Trinity.

For the full enjoyment in all its depth of a day's golf at the other places it were better that you had a good motor-car at your service to speed along some of the finest roads in the world, entering the forest of Fontainebleau, more than forty miles from Paris, or gaining a glimpse of the French racehorses at their

training quarters outside Chantilly, when the capital is a little more than half that way behind. The train services are good; but in some subtle way the car and the links and Paris seem to make up a trinity of pleasure that should not be separated. Now you must understand that this golf of Paris is not merely something made for British visitors. We all do know from experience that when the local people have no more intimate interest in their

golf course than the financial one of what it will yield from the foreigners who play upon it, such courses are mostly very poor and inadequate things. But when the natives are players all, and need the game for themselves, it is a different matter. This state of things increases in France, and is general near the capital. The British golfers play on the courses and belong to the club. But the golf de Paris is maintained by French players, and it is nearly French throughout—and none the worse for that. This description is to be continued.



MR. G. M. PATERSON.



LORD CASTLEROSSE.
Viscount Castlerosse is the eldest son of the Earl of Kenmare.



MR. F. M. M. CARLISLE.



MR. A. C. P. MEDRINGTON.



MR. C. GARDINER-HILL.

UNIVERSITY GOLFERS: CRACK CAMBRIDGE MEN.

Photographs by Sport and General.



ON THE 13TH GREEN; MR. F. M. M. CARLISLE, CAPTAIN OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, PUTTING.

Cambridge is to meet Oxford at golf on the Prince's Course, Sandwich, on Saturday, April 13. The contest will be the thirty-fourth of its kind. Each team has won sixteen matches; one was halved. In their recent match against Mid-Surrey, Cambridge were beaten by six games to three.



MR. F. R. WALLS.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE POWER OF THE CAT.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

SHALL I tell you, between you, me, and the cat, what would have happened if "The Fire Screen" had not been a play at the Garrick, but one of those everyday intrigues that we watch in our friends' houses—never in ours, of course—and talk about in loud nods and obvious whispers? It would have been



THE NEW JOINT EXAMINER OF PLAYS: MR. ERNEST ALFRED BENDALL.

Mr. Bendall, appointed Joint Examiner of Plays by the Lord Chamberlain, to act in place of Mr. Redford (resigned) and with Mr. Charles Brookfield, has exceptional experience of theatrical productions. He is the doyen of the dramatic critics. Born in 1846, he began his working career as a clerk in the Paymaster-General's office, where he remained for thirty years. In his spare time he "went in" for journalism. He followed Clement Scott as "Almaviva" in the "London Figaro," and, later, became that paper's dramatic critic. In 1874 he began to write criticism for the "Observer"; the "St. James's Gazette" knew his work also. Other contributions of his found a place in the "Morning Post," the "Standard," and the "Daily News," while, for the past year or so, he has been dramatic critic of the "Daily Mail." He is now resigning all his journalistic work.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

a tragedy, not a comedy. Oh, merely one of those muffled, soundless little tragedies, like the discreet disporting of blurred shadows behind a blind, the tragedy of civilised people who know how not to grieve too much, and between whom everything can be arranged, but—a tragedy all the same. The "cat," as we know her, has far more power over and invariably more luck with our husbands than with our dramatists. The public likes truth well enough, but a well-dressed truth, and the dramatist knows it, and cuts his cat's claws accordingly. The good woman (I use the word "good" as you use it in England) has no chance at all against the cat—chiefly when the good woman is married, and her goodness taken as a matter of course, together with her conjugal love and perfect contentment. The cat, as long as she is not a gutter cat, has all the worldly advantages on her side. Experience, love of battle, extreme suppleness, the sprightliness of one unencumbered by scruples, and an invulnerable, comfortably padded coat of selfishness—being given those and a passable exterior, why, you will admit that the cat is a formidable friend.

A good woman must practise goodness for goodness' sake. She must not expect to rival the cat in man's favour, and (fire-screens, of the stuff Travers was made of, being liable to catch fire) she must not rely on susceptible, if irresistible, male friends to annihilate the beast of nine lives, of infinite reincarnations, and limitless progeny. No, she must not, in spite of Mr. Sutro. The good woman does not at all realise the strength or number of her adversaries. The cat is the most plural of animals, the most sinuous, caressing, and the least kickable. It glides in noiselessly by the half-open door, or hoists itself through the window by bounce or strength of claws, and before you, in the blindness of your virtue, have realised it, the cat is stretching itself on your hearthrug, basking in the warmth of your logs, and purring entrancingly at the feet of your lord and—her slave.

Now, Mr. Sutro's Angela is an extremely fascinating creature, but she is not the perfect cat. She is merely

a domestic cat without a fireside, and who wants one; while the genuine feline specimen will lay low mice and men by right of instinct and opportunity, and whether it wants its breakfast or not.

It pains me to see how unaware of her hopeless position the good woman is. She actually relies on the common-sense and rectitude of man. To this end she enlightens him as to the true colours of the particular cat that haunts their own fireside. "The blackest of black cats," she warns him, and does not hear, poor innocent! the man mumbling something about luck. She does not realise that it is that very blackness that attracts man; that he likes the sham, the vulgar, and the obvious; that all the virtues and a beautiful face have less attraction for man than an ugly face if accompanied by the seven deadly sins; that man never exerts himself to discover unaided a treasure of femininity, but will grasp at guilt if so adroitly flung to him that he can't quite seize it at the very first shot; that all the great enchantresses have not been beautiful, but that all have corresponded exactly—not, perhaps, to man's ideal but to man's want; that a man has never yet sacrificed his life for a woman who was worth it; that he has never ruined himself for his wife (she may have ruined him, but that's another matter); that the Angelas of the world do not fear exposure conducted in a drawing-room—rather does it enhance their value, for it is the woman with a past whose present is strewn with lilies, and a red background throws one into wonderful relief. That is what the good woman should know if she is to have, at least, a sporting chance. She must not expect fair-play, or success, or applause, except—at the theatre. But she must not despair—she has her virtue and man's respect!

Woman should try to be good, and to be loved in spite of it. Man, with that self-ignorance so remarkable in him, may protest that indeed he does prefer woman to be all that is most rare, an angel incarnated. And he will really mean it. But, in truth, it's only the very young man, young enough to know better, who cries for the moon, so high and white, or the very old man, whose experience has jaded him into perversity, and who, in the vanity of his dotage, wants none but the tender, young, little white goose. Truly, also, man of any age does want his daughter to be good and his wife to be unco' guid, but I was not speaking of his wife or of his daughter. I was speaking of Woman.



CHILDREN OF A PEER WHOSE TITLE THE PRINCE OF WALES BEARS:
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARRICK'S FAMILY.

It is of interest to recall that Earl of Carrick is one of the Prince of Wales's titles. Lord Carrick's twin sons, the elder of whom is Viscount Ikerrin, were born on May 23, 1903. The Hon. Guy Butler was born in 1905; the Hon. Godfrey Butler in 1907; and the Hon. Pierce Butler in 1909. Their sisters, Lady Rosamond and Lady Irene, were born respectively in 1899 and 1901. Lady Carrick was Miss Ellen Lindsay, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Gore Lindsay. The two eldest boys are pages to Lady Aberdeen this season.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

More L.C.C. Persecution.

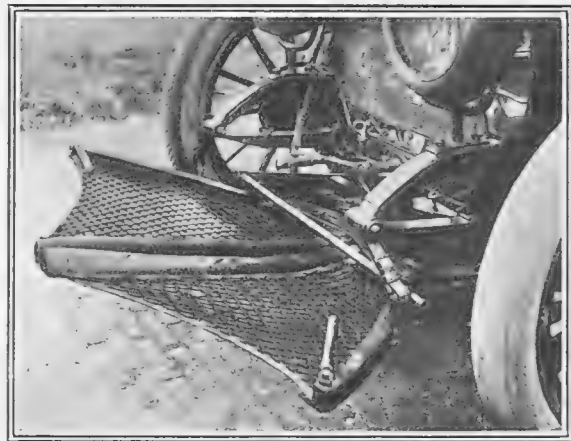
It is to be presumed that, had the London County Council officials to pay the cost of lost actions out of their salaries, there would be less persecution of motorists. But as they have the purse of Fortunatus to draw upon in the shape of the rates, any and every sort of case is brought, without discretion. It is only a few days since the legal lights of the Council received a particularly nasty smack in the face from Mr. Curtis Bennett in the matter of Lord Russell's licenses. As the costs, win or lose, come, as I have said, out of the rates, a case is to be stated and the affair will be proceeded with. In the matter of a summons heard on the 13th inst., before Mr. Denman at Marlborough Street, the London County Council sought to make a member of the A.A. liable for tax in respect of two cars which had been used on the road for the purposes of trial, after completion, by an intending purchaser, and which bore the usual red trade numbers allotted to a trader by the Council itself. As in Lord Russell's case, Mr. Denman dismissed the charge with £2 2s. costs, saying that the cars were used for purposes "which were not hit"

by the Acts. Of course, a case was asked for!

The new 15-h.p. Adler.

Intending purchasers on the look-out for a soundly constructed, up-to-date, and well-considered four-cylinder car at a moderate price should not fail to inspect the new 15-h.p. four-cylinder Adler which Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127,

(one of the finest automobile productions of which this country can boast), and the New Engine Company's super-luxurious carriage. Accessories are, of course, in great force, the Michelin refinements for the comfort of motorists, particularly the new jack, bulking large. Then there is the Dunlop Detachable Wheel, remarkable for selection by a powerful French Syndicate (with the Chevalier René de Knyff at its head) as the detachable wheel for France. Also demonstrators will give evidence of the rapid manner in which the Continental Detachable Rim can be manipulated.



FIRST CATCH YOUR MAN—THEN LET HIM DOWN LIGHTLY: A NEW SAFETY-DEVICE ATTACHED TO A MOTOR-CAR.

This "cow-catcher" is at present in use on all tramcars in Amsterdam, and it is suggested that it would be of great value if attached to a motor-car as man-catcher.—[Photograph by G.N.]

The Doom of the Cut-Out.

The long-expected fiat has issued from Whitehall, and from March 31 next the cut-out is doomed. Thereafter the prone "nut" will run the risk of summons and fine if he indulges his unholy craving for making himself objectionable by the ejection of naked exhaust into the air. It is the inconsiderate driver, both paid and private, to whom our thanks are due for this restriction. Had cut-outs, which are occasionally of use on steep hills, been used with sweet reasonableness, no exception would ever have been taken to them. As it is, the restriction is absolutely no hardship to the considerate driver, and in these days of perfect injector-like silencers, which in some cases are claimed to increase rather than to decrease the power of the engine, the cut-out will not be missed. But, as usual, the powers that be have only half done the thing. The new order is not to apply to motor-cycles, which to my mind are the worst offenders when they really get to business. The open exhaust of a powerful motor-cycle engine is infinitely more ear-splitting and nerve-rendering than the open cut-out of a 60-h.p. Napier or similar giant.



DRIVEN BY AN ELECTRIC MOTOR: AN AUTOMOBILE LUGGAGE-TRUCK ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The truck is driven by an electric motor, which gets its power from a storage-battery placed below it and charged several times a week. The driver is stationed in front of it, in the manner shown.

Photograph by International Press

Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street, are likely to have at the last-named establishment before this paragraph sees the light. For all-round soundness the Adler cars have deservedly won golden opinions in this country, as well as on their native soil, but until the issue of the model under notice, the design of all the models has remained standardised for some time. The 1912 15-h.p. however, will, I am told, exhibit quite a galaxy of refinements, chief among which will be something quite special in poppet-valve design, making for absolute and unmistakable silence. Then there is a particularly ingenious inter-connection between the clutch-pedal and the throttle-valve altogether independent of the throttle-pedal proper, which will make it impossible for the clumsiest gear-changer to race his engine when changing speed either up or down.

An Escape from the Parcel Post.

Those ancient carriers, Messrs. Carter, Paterson and Co., have just organised a Home Counties' Motor Express system, by which articles from an ounce up to a hundredweight can be safely transported to places as far distant from London as St. Albans, Staines, Woking, Reigate, Dartford, Romford, Loughton, and Waltham Abbey. And Messrs. Carter, Paterson do not shirk responsibility for damage.

The Manchester Show.

This week the Manchester Motor Show, the second show in England, is in full swing at Rusholme, and as early as Saturday last again showed what excellent grounds the Manchester traders had when they forced the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to frank this exhibition. Almost everything that was worthy of inspection at Olympia is on view at Manchester, amongst the exhibits being the ever-interesting Argyll single-sleeve-valve engine, the Daimler Silent Knight, the new six-cylinder Armstrong-Whitworth



FITTED WITH SLEEPING-BERTHS FOR SIX PERSONS, AND ELECTRICALLY LIT: A REMARKABLE MOTOR CARAVAN.

We have seen much of the luxuriously fitted motor-car for private touring purposes; now comes the elaborate caravan, a part of whose interior we show. This has a cooking-stove, and sleeping-beds for six.—[Photograph by Rothwell Photo. Co.]



By CAPTAIN COE.

Spring Handicaps. Training reports are eagerly scanned during these days, the object being to try to discover which horses are doing the right kind of work for the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National. With regard to the latter race owners and trainers have many chances to let their horses run in public in addition to the work on the training-ground, and some of them grasp the opportunities. Others, it must be confessed, prefer to hide their candidates from the public gaze. And, perhaps, they do not lose much by it, for, after all said and done, there is no course that can give a horse any idea of what he has got to do at Aintree. One who does not believe in allowing his National horses to do all their work at home is Mr. Frank Bibby, who has run Glenside two

or three times recently, and whose Caubeen was sent to do a gallop over the Birmingham course the other day. Although Caubeen does not seem to have much chance so long as Jerry M and Rathnally keep well, the bookmakers will take no liberties with him, the prices they offer being very cramped. And it is the same with Rory O'Moore. An animal that holds an engagement in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and that appears to be doing a lot of work, is Eton Boy, who is trained at Belhus Park. It is in Eton Boy's favour that he comes to hand early. Last year he won the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket on April 5, after having run third in the opening week of the season to Hornet's Beauty and Graball. Eton Boy was giving Hornet's Beauty 3 lb.; at Lincoln in the Handicap he receives 22 lb. from Sir W. Cooke's horse.

Important Meetings. Just over a month from to-day the flat-race season will open, and the

races between them. One of the most prominent, and one of the most enthusiastic, of the military riders left in this country is Captain Paynter, whose horses are trained at Eaton, Notts, by W. Taylor. It is evidence of Captain Paynter's keenness to ride winners at the Grand Military and the National Hunt meetings that, during the recent spell of frost, he had his horses sent to Skegness to work on the sands. I daresay he would like to win the National Hunt Steeplechase, too. This is a race that holds its own as an attraction to hunting-people, but it is difficult to see in what way it benefits the sport. The percentage of really good horses that have won it is very low. Bridegroom, the first winner, was a good one; so was Schiedam, who won in 1870; Why Not, who won in 1886; and Rory O'Moore, who won in 1908. The rest of the winners, however, were not of great class.

Two-Year-Olds.

Mr. James Buchanan

both breeds and purchases race-horses, and enters them on a lavish scale even now, after years of wretched luck enough to break the heart of a stone. One of the most heavily engaged of his two-year-olds this year is Black Sandal, a name that vividly recalls his sire, his dam being Thaisa. I would like to see this one win a lot of races for his plucky owner. Other two-year-olds with numerous engagements are Mr. Bowen's Bangor, by Llangibby—Bentesta; Sir R. W. B. Jardine's colt by Desmond—Marie V.; and



THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN—AND A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB: LORD SANDHURST.

Lord Sandhurst is the second Baron, was born in August 1855, and succeeded his father in 1876. In 1881 he married Lady Victoria Alexandrina Spencer (who died in 1906), daughter of the fourth Earl Spencer. In 1909 he married Eleanor, daughter of Matthew Arnold and widow of the Hon. Armine Wodehouse. He was a Lord-in-Waiting for five years, has been Under-Secretary for War, and was for four years Governor of Bombay.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Mr. Bowen's Towyn, by Llangibby—Gavel. Judging by the races in which they are nominated, much is expected of them. Lord Derby is said to have a wonderful two-year-old in Harry of Hereford (an own brother to the illustrious Swynford), and Mr. W. Astor's Pilliwinkie (half-brother to Winkipop) is said to be a highly promising filly.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Leicester, to-day: Kilby Hurdle, Olgondi; Blaby Steeplechase, Bruton; Open Hurdle, Polite Plunger.—To-morrow: Spring Steeplechase, Irish Mail; Moderate Hurdle, Levanter; Belgrave Hurdle, Mint Tower; Thurmas-ton Steeplechase, Great Peter.—Newbury, Friday: United Services Cup, Couvrefeu II.; Spring Hurdle, Chili II.; Grand National Trial, Kilkeel; Military Steeplechase, Lokman.—Saturday: United Services Hurdle, Bobbie K; Newbury Steeplechase, Clondalkin; Army and Navy Steeplechase, Earnest; United Services Hunters Cup, Foolhardy.—Blackpool, Friday: Blackpool Hurdle, Sore Toes.—Saturday: Clifton Park Steeplechase, Rathnally.



THROWN THE OTHER DAY—RESULT, A BROKEN COLLAR-BONE: SIR JOHN MILBANKE, V.C.

Sir John was thrown heavily while hunting with the Cottesmore the other day and broke a collar-bone. He is the tenth Baronet of a creation dating from 1661. He won his V.C. for returning to rescue one of his men (10th Hussars) at Colesberg, notwithstanding the fact that he himself was severely wounded. He married Leila, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles Crichton, Grenadier Guards, in 1900.—[Photograph by Topical.]

interval will be filled with the most important events of the National Hunt season. Next week we shall have the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown, and a fortnight after that the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. Although our soldiers do not nowadays demonstrate the keen interest in steeplechasing that they did twenty years ago, the Grand Military still holds its place as one of the great racing Society functions of the year; and the sport during those two days, and on the day before the military races on the same course, is on a very high level. During the month that precedes the flat-race season one does not hear so much about "the game being overdone," and whatever may be the case elsewhere, the betting at this particular Sandown fixture is quite good. Two of our best soldier riders went to South Africa a short time since—I refer to Mr. V. Simon and Captain Godman—and Mr. McCalmont is in India. Those three gentlemen would have been tolerably sure to win a few



LORD LANSDOWNE'S HEIR: THE EARL OF KERRY.

Lord Kerry became M.P. (U.) for West Derby in 1908, and a member of the L.C.C. in 1907. He was born in January 1872. In 1904 he married Miss Elsie Hope, daughter of Sir E. S. Hope, for ten years Registrar of the Privy Council.—[Photograph by Poole.]



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Toadies of the Famous.

The greatest evil which Fame brings to its favourites is the Toady who gathers round notoriety of any sort, and who serves out flattery by the spoonful, or by the pound. Formerly, great men were surrounded by henchmen who could be depended on to echo every sentiment they uttered, but of late women have joined the army of parasites that live on great reputations. To themselves, these ladies put it differently; they probably view themselves in the light of graceful acolytes, serving the altar and swinging censers before the illustrious great. And the harm done is not so much to the Toady as to the character of the Personage who allows himself to be surrounded by people of inferior intelligence and vulgar ambitions. For the toadies—male and female after their kind—have their ambitions. Not being able to accomplish anything themselves, they aspire to a reflected light, they want a place in the sunshine which surrounds the great, they hope for a kind of spurious immortality as a friend of the illustrious. Boswell was a toady of genius, and his assiduity in taking "notes" has resulted in the most remarkable biography in the English language; but the large army of camp-followers of great men and women usually have none of his talent. In Anne Douglas Sedgwick's clever study of a *détraquée* musical genius, "Tante," the most striking portrait in the book is that of Miss Scrotton, hanger-on and toady-in-chief to the

beautiful Slav pianist. The type is observed from life, it is extraordinarily vivid, and the cool insolence with which the great musician treats her well-born satellite—even going so far as to address her as "my Scrotton"—is further proof, if any were needed, of the deplorable effect which toadies of all classes produce on the illustrious.

The Cult of the Ugly.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whom we all listen to with respect, declares in the current *Nineteenth Century* that this is the age of the "Cult of the Foul." He gives it a beautiful Greek name, which sounds like a phrase from the "Iliad," but the veteran Positivist is very much in earnest, pulling all our modern literary and artistic gods from their thrones and rating us for worshipping the ugly and the brutal. "The one end in Life, as in Art, is to shock one's grandmother,"

A HAT OF DISTINCTION.
This is a large hat made of white crinoline, with a high crown, draped over with black velvet. The large rose-coloured wings in the shape of palm-leaves give it a great distinction.

he says; but I fear even that lady is nowadays too "modern" to be easily scandalised, at any rate in London, and that we must go to the remote provinces or far-off Dominions to find the true type of Mrs. Grundy.

Those We Suffer Gladly.

The chief racial difference between the French and ourselves is that we "suffer fools gladly," whereas our neighbours over the Channel, beneath an icy courtesy, make no secret of their contempt for bores. Indeed, English people are extraordinarily tolerant of half-baked, sloppy-minded persons. Having, as a race, little imagination, they do not demand it of others, so that tedious and insipid folk do not possess for them the terror they inspire in more vivacious nations. The French, to be sure, are not a genial race. They have taste, but little enthusiasm, and the *schwärmerei* of the Germans, the familiarity of the Americans, leave them amazed. I fancy it would be almost impossible to find a thoroughly stupid Frenchwoman, while a naïve one is unthinkable. Hence the racial intolerance of the French for garrulous people with a great deal to say, but nothing in it. In London, the Club Bore is an institution, a feature of our national life, and he seems to have been



A "BÉRET" OF CRINOLINE.
The "béret" is of blue crinoline gathered into a roll of white tulle, with a crown of linen and a white ostrich-plume in front.

people. Sometimes, if the host and hostess are wealthy enough, a dazzling musical programme, sparkling with Stars, is provided, but the intention is to add to the prestige of the party-givers and not to the exhilaration of the guests. Or, in the political world, sundry members of the Cabinet or of the Opposition Front Bench are assembled to the same end. Needless to say, these eminent persons are carefully herded into corners, and may only be gazed upon, afar, by the rank and file of the particular Party who are invited to meet them. What, then, more natural than that the guests should seek to effect a swift exit once they have shown what Mr. Arnold Bennett calls an "efficient smile" to their hostess in all her battle array at the head of the staircase? Yet there are great and sometimes insurmountable difficulties in achieving the front door and a taxi-cab. Of course, in mansions with double staircases the thing is as easy as saying *bonjour*. But if you must e'en return the way you mounted, how escape the eagle eye of the hostess as you slink downstairs? Yet the thing is often done within a brief quarter of an hour, and those who have mastered the secret have solved the social problem. For the strange ritual of "putting in an appearance," of what is quaintly called "showing oneself," still flourishes in London, and the feat has to be accomplished with all the celerity and despatch imaginable. And every year the great game of "getting away" becomes more popular, and its adepts justly pride themselves on the singular skill with which they play it.

tolerated ever since clubs were invented, being looked upon, apparently, as a necessary evil and one from which there was little hope of escape. In France, on the other hand, *les vaseurs*, as they are called, are not suffered gladly at all, and a witty writer lately suggested that railway companies should provide separate carriages for the garrulous, just as they do for smokers. And, of all the bores yet produced on a long-suffering planet, the motorist in France holds the palm, just as the golf-maniac does in these islands.

The Game of "Getting Away."

Now that the pre-Lenten season is upon us, and evening parties—political and musical—may be expected to set in with their usual severity, the wily guest proceeds to polish up his skill in the great game of "getting away." For we may as well do away at once with the fiction that such functions are held with any ulterior design of amusing



A "CHAPEAU DE PAILLE."
The above is a grey straw hat, bound round the brim with white satin, and trimmed with a large satin bow of rose-wood colour. The bow is finished in front with an open-work horn buckle.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 27.

SOME MINES.

THE Rhodesian Market, as a whole, has been flat during the last week, but considerable interest was exhibited in Chartered until the issue of the report on Thursday. No sensational developments were revealed, however, and this is probably the reason for the subsequent dullness of the shares. The actual financial results "are not much to write home about," but substantial progress is shown in all the various branches of the Company's undertakings.

Perhaps the most eloquent figures are those of the European population, which has increased by no less than 87 per cent. since the census taken in 1904. The policy of developing by means of subsidiary Companies controlled by expert directors is being continued and appears to work well, and when it is remembered that the benefit of sales of land is not felt for three years, the report cannot be considered other than good, and the commercial success of Rhodesia in the near future seems assured.

The only other section in which there has been much activity has been the Nigerian Tin group, and a good many advances have been registered. The rainy season is now ended, and so shipments are expected to come forward more freely. Among the most attractive shares are the Jos, with its very large area, and the Northern Nigeria (Bauchi) Company, to which we have referred before in these columns. The Bauchi Railway will be completed in April, and this must prove of considerable value to this latter Company, besides releasing a large number of labourers.

Northern and Southern Nigeria are now to be brought under one administration, which should help to encourage labourers for the mines in the Northern district, and so mitigate one of the greatest difficulties that have to be faced.

AN ATTRACTIVE DEBENTURE.

The interest in the recent shipping amalgamation has quickly died down, and the issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. "A" Debentures by the Elder Dempster Company has hardly received the attention which it merits. The issue price was .94, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the purchase of the assets of the Union Castle Steamship Company. The only issue which ranks in front of the present one is the million 5 per cent. First Debenture stock outstanding.

The A Debentures are secured by a floating charge on all the assets of the Company, which have a value much in excess of the two millions in question. The Company is entitled to pay them off on or after January 1920 at 103 per cent., and any amount still outstanding in 1940 will be paid off at par.

The net earnings for 1910 amounted to £228,000, of which only £50,000 is required to meet the interest on the First Debentures, so the A Debenture interest is covered three times over. The stock is only 60 per cent. paid up at present, and the final instalment is payable in April, and when fully paid we shall be surprised if the stock does not quickly attain its par value.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It seems to me that the world tends to become very dull," The Jobber ruminated, as he turned over the pages of an illustrated weekly.

"Do you say that because your airy gossip appears less frequently in *The Sketch*?"

"I have always regarded it as the height of impertinence for any paper to reproduce our——"

"What?"

"Lubrifications—I thank you for the kind applause. We get cold comfort in the Stock Exchange these days."

"What about Brazil Rails, Cuban Ports, Marconis——"

"Is the Marconi affair a mere rig?"

The Broker confessed himself puzzled. "It's not a rig, but I can't see that the shares are worth the money," he said.

"They are talked to eight," The Engineer reminded him.

"That's nothing; but it does look as if the people working the market had not done with them yet."

"I rather believe in West India and Panama Telegraphs, at a price," said The Solicitor. "Some friends of mine sold a big line of shares over 5, and they are standing by to pick them up again on a further drop."

"What's their idea of price, do you know?" The City Editor inquired.

"Round about 3½, I think; but, of course, circumstances may cause them to change their mind and their figure. I know they intend to have them back; and the Yankees, too, are pretty keen upon gaining control."

"I am surprised that Cement Preference don't go better," said The Merchant.

"I am more surprised that the Company's 5 per Cent. Second Debenture can be bought at 92."

"The new scrip at 1 discount is still cheaper."

"Why not South Eastern 6 per Cent. Preferred at 120, if you want a sound investment paying 5 per cent. on the money?"

"I am pleased that Chinese Government Bonds have recovered," said The Banker. "Friends of mine bought them when prices were low, and——"

"On your recommendation, Sir?"

The old gentleman smiled and bowed.

"At anything under par I think the security makes Chinese Bonds cheap," he replied.

"I bought some San Antonio Irrigation 6 per Cent. Bonds at 93 the other day for a man," The Broker stated. "They are secured upon property in Texas, carry a coupon of 3 per cent., due on May 1, and are cum 20 per cent. in Common stock of the Company."

"Any price for the Common stock?"

"It's about 45; but you can't call the shares until May next year. The Bonds look cheap, for what they are, of course. You don't get 6½ per cent. on your money in Consols."

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

At the recent annual general meeting of the *Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust* it was clearly intimated by the Chairman that the dividend for the current year will be raised from 7½ to 8 per cent. The price of the Deferred stock of this Company is therefore likely to improve to about 155, at which it would still return well over 5 per cent. The present quotation is 142½ cum. div. As I have so often pointed out to your readers, this stock is really a gilt-edged investment, owing to the fact that the Directors' powers of investment are limited to Bonds and Debenture stocks.

The various Argentine Land Companies' shares have been much in favour recently, more especially the shares of the *Argentine Land and Investment Company*, which were so strongly recommended here some years ago. The Preference shares of this Company have risen about £2 in the last month, and it is understood that a rearrangement of the capital is contemplated. Another land share which is creeping up in price is *Natal Land and Colonisation*, and in this case higher prices may be anticipated, as the next report, due in April, may contain proposals for the repayment of capital. The shares of the *River Plate Trust, Loan, and Agency Company*, both "A" and "B," may be safely bought for higher prices, as the Company will benefit largely from the new capital obtained by the recent scheme.

The report of the *Rosario Nitrate Company*, issued this week, makes an excellent showing. Work is expected to start at the new oficina in April, after which production and profits should increase largely. No less than £40,000 is set aside from profits to pay for this, and it is understood that this, with the provision made last year for the same purpose, will be sufficient to pay for the work. The dividend of 6 per cent. requires £36,000, and could have been doubled if this £40,000 had not been allocated for the new works. All the Debentures have now been paid off, and the prospect is for much larger dividends in future years.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ARGENTINE.—The Tobacco Company is too young for us to say much. It is in good hands and was well subscribed. The Cotton shares are a fair speculation, but we have no special information except that the Company is doing well. In case of a coal strike they must be adversely affected, and the Company is very subject to labour troubles.

DAGE.—(1) Yes. (2) We think so. (3) There has been considerable friction about some deals which the Board entered into. We have little faith in the Company. (4) Probably they are worth buying at price named.

C. M.—We suggest Meyer and Charlton, Modder B, Heriot, and Wolhuter. We do not advise any purchase if you are not prepared to pay for and hold what you buy.

MYOPE.—We think so.

KEW.—No anonymous letters are answered here.

The thirteenth ordinary general meeting of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.*, was held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Charles L. N. Ingram, Chairman of the Company, presiding. The Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts, and said that they had done even better than in the previous year, having made £1000 more profit than for that period, and £5000 more than for 1909. He thought that was very satisfactory, considering the amount of money they had put into their papers. It had always been their policy to maintain the leading position in illustrated journalism, and he thought everyone would admit that the two papers were being kept up to date. As to the future, despite the extra profits they had made in connection with the Coronation last year, he thought that they would be able to show a satisfactory balance-sheet for the current year. Mr. G. J. Maddick, in seconding the motion, spoke with satisfaction of the fulfilment of his anticipations at the last meeting of a further increase in their profits. As to the *Illustrated London News*, he was in the proud position of being able to tell them that the circulation was larger than it had been at any time during its seventy years of existence; while as to its younger brother, that highly popular paper *The Sketch*, all he could say was that its steady increase year by year, in both advertisements and circulation, left him very little for comment.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Good Ending.

A bad beginning is said, by the optimistic, to promise a good ending. The social inauguration of our year could hardly have been more gloomy. The King and Queen arrived in a snowstorm and processed to their Thanksgiving in gloom and wet. The procession to open Parliament in State was, happily, in less depressing conditions. There were no receptions on the eve of the opening, and at it the ladies were in mourning, the Queen's black attire being relieved only by the flash of jewels and the deep blue of the ribbon of the Garter; and the Princesses all in sombre hue. We have had the bad beginning, now let us look forward to the good ending. As soon as Court mourning is over the Courts will begin. Three will be held before Easter, and one after. The first, that fixed for March 8, will be entirely diplomatic and official, so far as attendance is concerned. A few presentations outside those circles are usually fitted in. Many balls, on a huge scale, are in preparation for the season, and the King and Queen are going to make a State progress of twelve miles by water. To this we all look forward being something not seen for generations and capable of stately picturesqueness, appealing keenly to the imagination.

A Link Lost.

The late Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg was a figure well known in Victorian days. Queen Victoria granted to her the privilege of using the title of



WIFE OF THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND DAUGHTER OF MATTHEW ARNOLD: LADY SANDHURST.

Lady Sandhurst, who was Miss Eleanor Mary Caroline Arnold, daughter of Matthew Arnold, married first, in 1889, the Hon. Armine Wodehouse, M.P., son of the first Earl of Kimberley. He died in 1901, leaving her with one son. She married Lord Sandhurst, the new Lord Chamberlain, as his second wife, in 1909.

Photograph by Barnett.

Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour, the Hon. Sylvia Edvardes, in July 1910. He has saved lives at the risk of his own, and has seen much active service. The late Princess's eldest daughter, Countess Fedora Gleichen, has a large studio at St. James's Palace, where she does her well-known sculpture. The second daughter married, in 1905, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the presence of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, Mr. Percy Wilfrid Machell, and is now known as Lady Valda Machell. The youngest daughter, Countess Helena Gleichen, is a clever vocalist. She loves the country and country life and will probably now reside out of town. Princess Victor was always very quiet and dignified. Like Queen Victoria, she wore black from the date of her widowhood.

My Lord Marquess.

The Marquess Carrington is a nobleman to whom no one will grudge his new honour, while there is no end to the respect and favour in which the new Marchioness is held. One of the daughters of the late Lady Suffield and of Lord Suffield, she has always been a favourite with members of the Royal Family. Very elegant in appearance, with the neat figure and good features that distinguish the Harbords, Lady Carrington has also charming manners. She has one son, the youngest member of her family, who will be sixteen in April. Her daughters are Lady Nunburnholme, Lady Alexandra Palmer, Viscountess Lewisham, and Viscountess Bury. Lady Victoria Carrington, the youngest, is a general favourite. She was one of the Queen's Coronation train-bearers. The sincerest congratulations are made to the new Marchioness, who will be presented at the first Court on Lord Carrington's promotion in the Peerage.

Great Muffs.

Nothing personal is here intended, either to the Government or the War Office; it is only an allusion to the exaggerated size of the muffs now being carried. Long ago the old round bolster shape was abandoned in favour of flat. This winter flat muffs showed a distinct advance in size. Those carried by the smartest women, of the finest furs, look handsome and very comfortable. Now, it sometimes seems as if the imitators and exaggerators of this fashion had hurriedly seized on a fur door-mat and folded it over their hands. Fashions, like Governments, kill themselves, and next winter there will fairly certainly be a change in the style of muffs, which will in all probability be round again, or, if flat, will be shaped differently from those that are now in vogue.



TO BE PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL SIR ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS: THE BADGE OF THE PRESIDENT OF "YE KNYTTES OF YE ROUNDE TABLE."

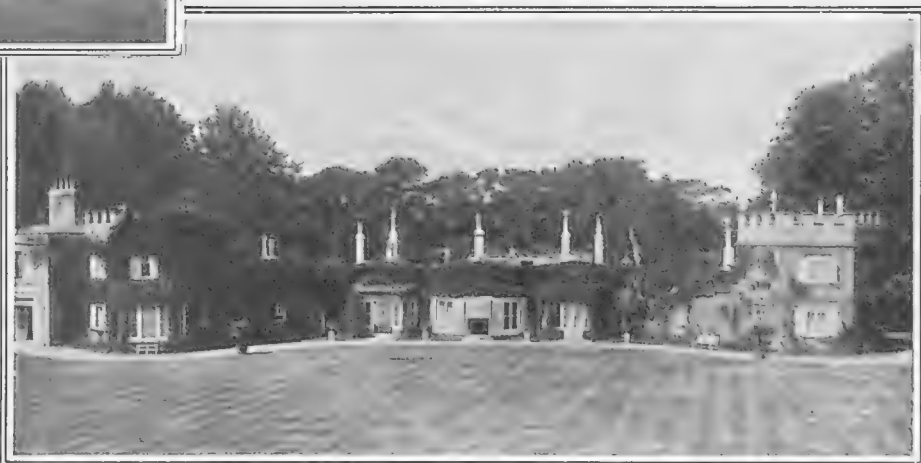
Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, President of "Ye Knyttys of ye Rounde Table," is to be invested with his badge of office (as above) on the 28th. The club is one of the oldest in existence, and forms a link with the old-time coffee-house frequented by Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. On its roll have been such men as Dickens, Irving, Toole, and Edmund Yates. The badges, both of the President and the members, were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.



INTENDED TO SHOOT "WINGED WORDS" ACROSS THE SOLENT: THE TOWER IN THE GROUNDS OF EAGLE HURST, MR. MARCONI'S NEW HOME.

No doubt the tower overlooking the sea was an attraction to Mr. Marconi when he chose Eagle Hurst for his new home. It certainly suggests possibilities for a wireless installation. Mr. Marconi's Italian home is the Villa Griffone, Pontecchio. He married, in 1905, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin.

Princess on her marriage with her Majesty's nephew, the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, younger brother of the present reigning Prince, who will be eighty in August. It will be remembered that the reigning Prince's son and heir is married to the King's first cousin, the third daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Princess was sister to the fifth Marquess of Hertford. As she was not of royal blood, Queen Victoria's permission for her to use the title and assume the rank of Princess was necessary. Her only son, a distinguished soldier, Brigadier-General Count Gleichen, married one of Queen



THE EYRIE OF THE KING OF THE WORDS OF THE AIR: EAGLE HURST, THE NEW HOME OF MR. MARCONI.

Mr. Marconi's new Hampshire home, Eagle Hurst, is appropriately named, for while the eagle is the king of the birds of the air, the perfecter of wireless telegraphy may well be described as the king of the words of the air. The tall chimneys rather suggest wireless communication between, say, the kitchen and the dining-room and other apartments.—[Photographs by Mudge.]

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

FISHERMEN are agitated by the fear lest the Protection of Animals Act (1911), now come into operation for the better protection of wild life, should put an end to the use of live bait. Nobody seems to be quite sure that the days of live bait are numbered, but fishermen are notoriously early risers, and they are not waiting for the blow to fall before uniting to avert it, if this be possible. Of the utility of live bait upon occasion there can be no doubt—from the old and very voracious trout to the pike, many a fish succumbs to it; but it may be doubted whether fishing would suffer as much as some of its devotees imagine if the minnow were to be set free from the dangers that encompass it to-day. It is an unpleasant reflection enough, but, if the truth be told, nearly thirty years have passed since I first took fishing-rod in hand, and in that time I have caught salmon, trout, grayling, carp, roach, and sundry other fish of the rivers and lakes, to say nothing of sea fish, and I have never used live bait. Doubtless there have been times and seasons when the creel would have been better filled had I done so, but there is a certain repugnance I have never been able to conquer. The worm and the "gentle" are bad enough in all conscience; it is not certain that the new Act does not protect them.

Perhaps the question of catching pike without live bait is a difficult one; the best fish seem to come to it, and, indeed, some very big trout that would scorn a fly will come readily to the minnow; but spinning for trout when the water is rough and turbid in the early months of the year is not a very exciting pastime, while in the clear low water of the later year he must be a master of his art who can get good results from the triangles, lip-hook, and traces. Spinning for salmon I have neither tried nor seen tried; for both salmon and trout the fly seems to do as much as is required at most seasons of the year, and it is unnecessary, perhaps, to remark that on some waters the use of live bait is forbidden. The char of the northern lakes are taken by a metal spinner curiously shaped and coloured; the expert fisherman has all kinds of these spinners, and according to the time, of day and the state of wind and water he makes his choice, working with two rods, one on either side of his boat, as salmon-fishers do when they go harling, though the char fisherman's tackle is far more complicated than that of the salmon-fisher and needs far more skill to keep the lines from tangling. Some of the char-fishers on Windermere, for example, have followed their calling for fifty years and make their own lures.

The loss of live bait may be a serious blow to fishermen and to the pursuers of the voracious pike more than any others; but in these days of many inventions, the lures at the command of Izaak Walton's disciples are very numerous, and if the new Act does put an end to the use of live bait, the loss will hardly be irreparable. I can't help thinking that the masters of the dry fly, who regard spring spinning for trout with the greatest contempt, will protest publicly, and chuckle when they are by themselves. If they regard the wet-fly fisherman as a mere exponent of the art of "chuck it and chance it"—in spite of the success that comes to the wet fly on northern streams in summer—it is at least unlikely that they will have much sympathy with the man who uses the minnow.

The question of pike is a very vexed one, quite apart from live bait, and modern opinion has undergone, or is undergoing, change in many directions. For example, it has long been the custom to net pike on some of the lakes that are well supplied with both trout and perch, but the wisdom of this is becoming doubtful in view of the fact that, while a well-grown trout can always keep out of the way of the voracious but lazy pike, small trout suffer greatly from the attacks of the more active and lively perch. Now, where pike and perch live together the perch never get the upper hand, but in waters where there are pike, trout, and perch, and the pike are netted, the perch multiply rapidly until they come near to overstocking the water, and though they do not reach any great size, they play havoc with the ova of the trout and the small fish. In this way the fishing tends rapidly to deteriorate. It is curious to see in this, as in so many other departments of sport, how very much better the balances are preserved by Nature than they are by man. Time out of mind man defeats his own ends and learns that the forces he thought to control are stronger than he.

Another thing that seems strange to me is the small use that is made in this country of fresh-water fish, excluding, of course, the trout and salmon, which divide their time between the sea and fresh water. Few people seem to know what to do with fresh-water fish when caught, and yet the well-baked pike, stuffed with carefully chosen herbs, carp stewed in port wine, and the potted perch, as you can sometimes obtain it in the North-country, are dishes that would probably tempt the Olympians themselves to forego their rather monotonous diet of nectar and ambrosia. Perhaps, if the restriction that are so much feared by fishermen do come into force, they will lend an added value to the contents of the creel, and there may arise a great cook who through some popular paper will teach a waiting world of fishermen to turn their spoils to good account. So mote it be.

MARK OVER.

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples?



Miss F. N., of Upper Tooting, writes: "Before I had used half a bottle of Antexema the spots and pimples on my face that troubled me so much had disappeared."

ARE you worried day and night by irritating eczema? Is your face or neck disfigured by this troublesome skin illness, or have you eczema either on your hand or chest, leg, or any other part of your body? You need not suffer in this way. It does not matter how long you have been afflicted, or whether your eczema is of the dry, weeping, or scaly variety, Antexema will cure you. Antexema stops all irritation the moment it is applied, arrests the progress of the trouble, and soon causes new and healthy skin to grow. That is why Antexema is so greatly appreciated by the public, used by doctors, recommended by nurses, and why you will appreciate it. Much disfigurement and discomfort and annoyance is caused by

Disfiguring Pimples,

blackheads, or face spots. It is not merely that they look ugly, but they frequently cause intense irritation, and by the disfigurement they inflict on the sufferer they injure business prospects and social success. In many cases, too, the appearance of a crop of little pimples or a rash is the first sign of serious skin illness. It is therefore most important that the moment pimples show themselves Antexema should be used and skin health regained.

Not only is Antexema a cure for eczema of all kinds, and for pimples, face spots, rashes of every description, but it also cures

every variety of skin illness both of children and adults. Bad legs, scalp troubles, skin irritation, chaps, chilblains, red, rough, or chafed skin, and every other skin ailment is cured by Antexema. If yours is a skin trouble Antexema will cure it.

If your skin becomes red, rough, or irritated, or an eruption of little pimples appears, do not ignore such signs of approaching trouble and fancy it will cure itself. Instead of this you will find the trouble spread, the pimples break, and an attack of eczema or some other unpleasant or even dangerous skin ailment will follow. Avoid such misery by the prompt use of Antexema.

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and insure yourself against discomfort, disfigurement, and humiliation. Why suffer when you can be cured? Why not have a clear, healthy skin? Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows', Parkes', and Taylors' Drug Stores supply Antexema at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. or direct post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, Jeffreys Place, London, N.W. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, and throughout Europe.



M. C., of St. Leonards, writes:—"I suffered for years with eczema on my legs, from my knees to my toes, and I am very happy to say Antexema has quite cured it. It was so bad at times that I had to keep my bed for three months at a time."

"Antexema"
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

CONTENTS.


Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Ashes" Men; Famous Pigeon-Shots at Monte Carlo; Living Music by Grandville; Princess Pretiva of Cooch Behar; What Can the Hare Think of the "Comely Going"? The Medusa Head: A "Light" View of "The Miracle"; Miss Gladys Cooper; Miss Gladys Guy; The House Beautiful According to Einar Jonsson; A Mountaineer's View of Curling.

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February 21, 1912.

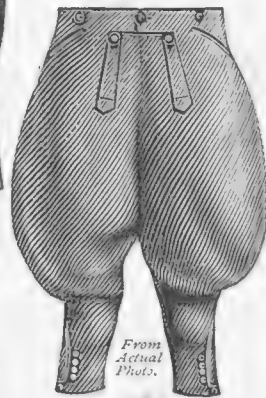
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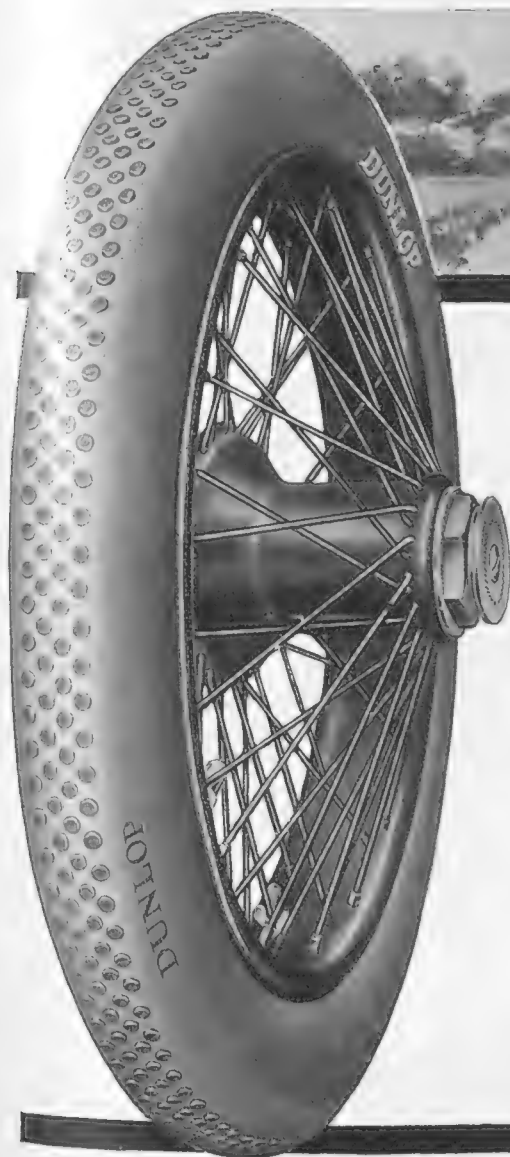
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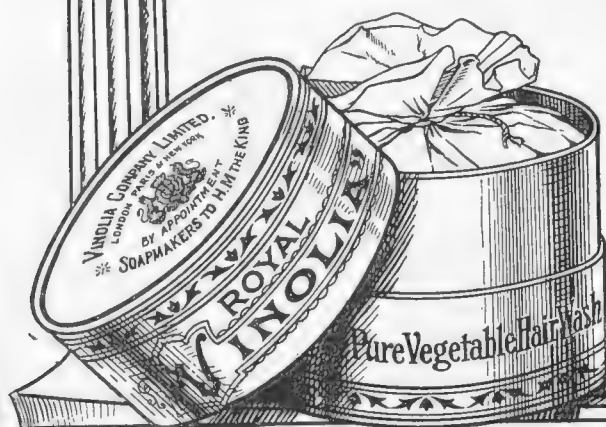
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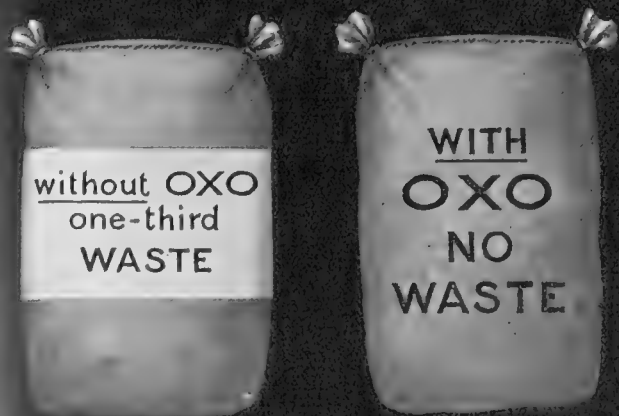
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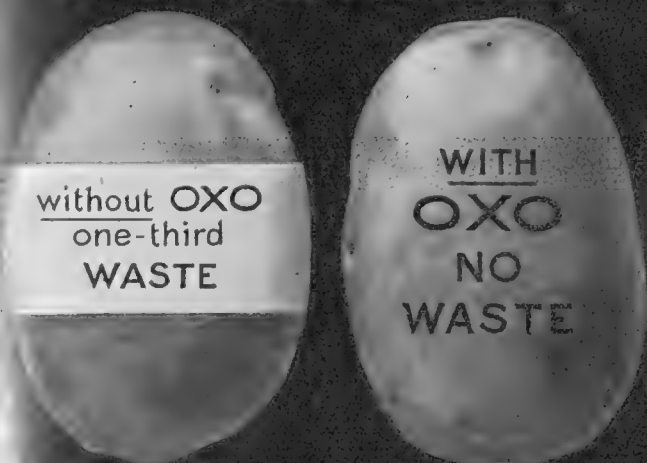
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* * *

Science shows that in ordinary circumstances only a part of the available nourishment of foods is absorbed by the human system. For example: of the available Protein (nourishment) in FLOUR 30·3 per cent. is not absorbed; in POTATOES 32 per cent. is not absorbed; in PEAS 17 per cent. is not absorbed; in BEANS 30·3 per cent. is not absorbed; in TAPIOCA 30 per cent. is not absorbed; and so on. The list could be extended almost indefinitely to include all the food we eat.

* * *

Food not completely absorbed is a danger. Millions of people suffer from that very cause and nothing else—yet they do not know it. Unabsorbed food clogs the human machine and causes all kinds of minor ailments which make living almost intolerable—headaches, drowsiness, tiredness, biliousness, liver complaints, neuralgia, nervous derangements, and all the evils which arise in consequence. Unabsorbed food handicaps every part of the human machine in carrying out its functional duties.

* * *

The question therefore arises: HOW TO ENSURE THE COMPLETE ABSORPTION OF FOOD? The answer is simple:—OXO taken with, before, or after a meal, secures the complete absorption of the available nourishment of the food eaten.

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OXO is described by the scientists as one of the greatest PROMOTERS OF ABSORPTION known to man. OXO acts on the digestive system in a way which is absolutely extraordinary. OXO promotes a very free flow of the gastric juices which nature herself provides to attack, to break up, to finely divide and absorb the food which passes into the stomach. OXO opens the canals which take food direct into the circulation—and that is true not only for the healthy, but also for the invalid and infant.

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The results of taking OXO are manifold. Not only does the system gain by the intrinsic nutriment of OXO itself, but it gains enormously by the additional nutriment OXO extracts from other foods eaten. The waste of other foods is prevented by OXO, and the fullest available nourishment is extracted from them. The effect on the general health is remarkable. It must be experienced to be appreciated. And the experience begins from the very first cup of OXO taken.

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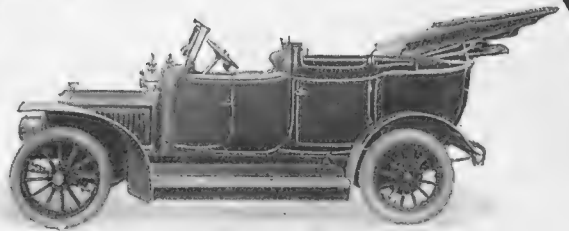
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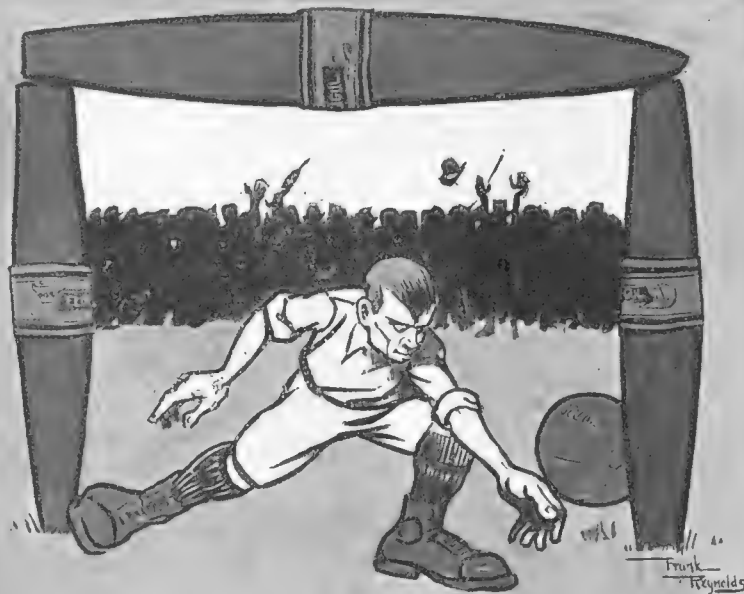
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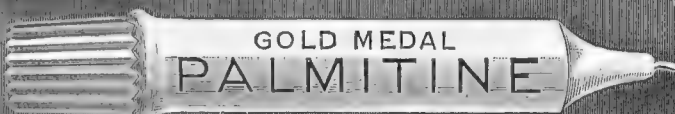
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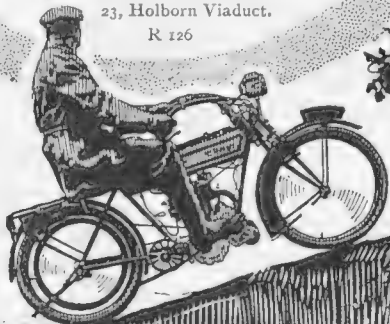
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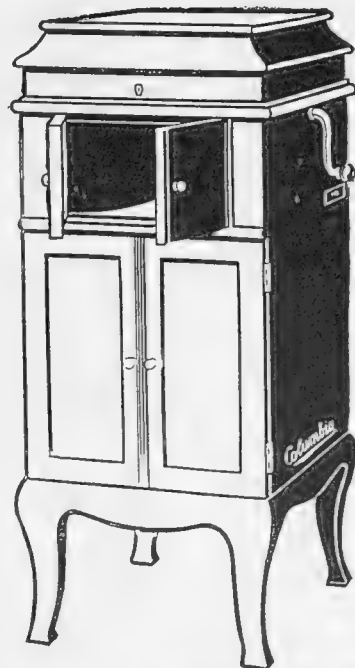
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and 10/6), this being practically a skin food in powdered form.

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Special Skin Tonic for skins that are dry, or chap and shrivel in the cold weather or from the heat. It gives tone, softness, and humidity to the skin. Price 7/6, 15/-, and 21/-.

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All orders, enquiries, applications for appointment, and for free booklet, "Beauty in the Making," should be addressed to Madame Helena Rubinstein, Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton St., Mayfair, London, W., or to her new establishment, 255, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, which latter address is recommended to the especial attention of Madame Rubinstein's clients spending the winter on the Continent. To obtain prompt execution of orders they should be accompanied by remittances.

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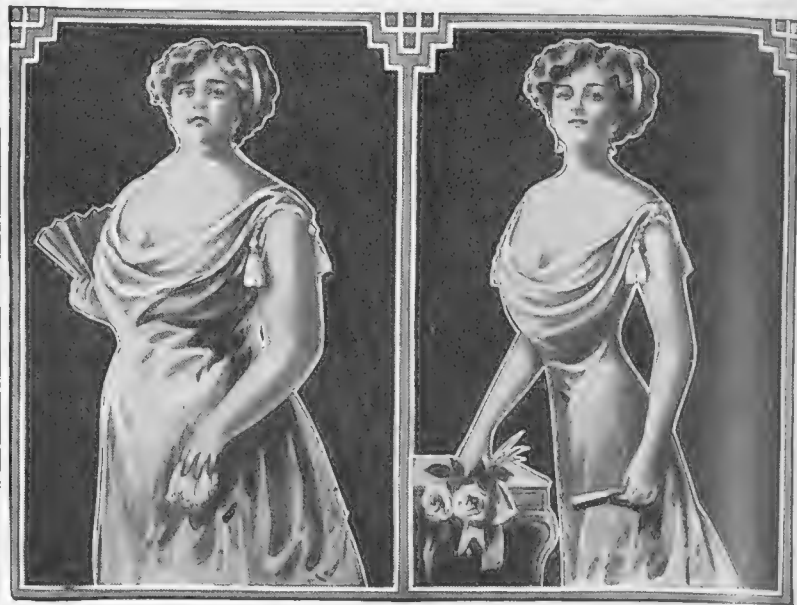
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On November 1, Dr. F. Turner, a well-known physician, was one of the fattest men. He weighed 18st. 2lb. His waist measured 48in., and he wore a 17½ in. collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy, and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of his excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop dead at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful scientific discovery, by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100lb., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On January 1 of this year, Dr. Turner weighed 10st. 10lb., his waist measured 37½ in., and he wore a 15½ in. collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at twenty-five years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no

Turkish baths, sweating, purging, starvation diets, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practice in their own homes without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, and he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatment. Close friends have urged him to specialise in this particular branch of work, where he could command large fees, but other business interests which occupy much of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information, and in order that all may have the benefit of the system, he was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method and telling every fleshy man and woman how they may accomplish this same happy result, without the least danger or inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him, but has a few hundred copies left. Arrangements have been made whereby these will be distributed without charge among interested readers who will use the coupon printed below. Send no money. Merely enclose a two-penny stamp to cover postage, and booklet will be sent to you by return. Address your letter to Dr. F. M. Turner (Dept. 734), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

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The Long Smooth-podded Scarlet Runner, with pods 15½ in. long.
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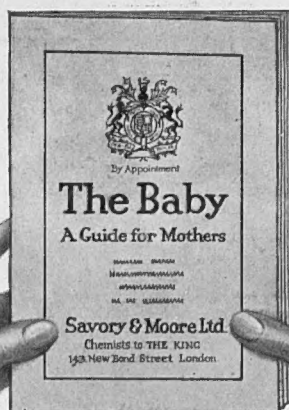
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